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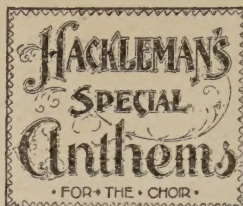
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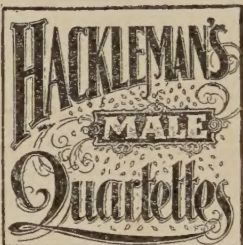
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W. T. Cochran 825-W-4-St. Albany

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN,

AUTHOR OF

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MAJESTIC BLDG.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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Hackleman's Male Quartets.

CONCERT.

1. The Merry Sailor Lads.

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Anon.

ISSAC B. WOODBURY. Arr.

1. O, I am a mer-ry sail-or lad, With heart both light and free,
2. Where bound-ing bil-low rears its head, To play with tem-pest cloud;
3. I love to tread the ves-sel's deck, A-mid the howl-ing gale;
4. O, see the viv-id light-ning play, A-round me, bold and free;

I high-ly prize my gal-lant ship, I love the deep blue sea.
Where storms' deep voice comes o'er the main, In mur-murs hoarse and loud.
And lis-ten to the sea-gull's scream, And to the thun-der's rail.
Yet some will love the dull tame shore, But an o-cean life for me.

CHORUS.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!... I love, I love, I love the
hur-rah! I love, I love,

Rall.

dark blue sea, I love, I love, I love the dark blue sea.
I love, I love,

2. Our Country.

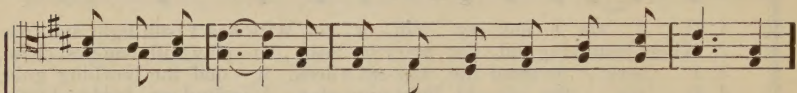
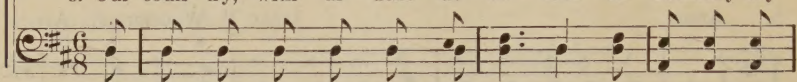
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

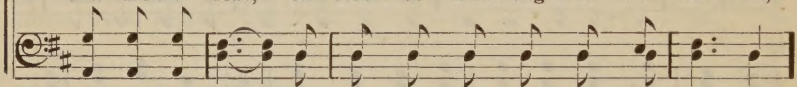
PHILLIP PHILLIPS. Arr.



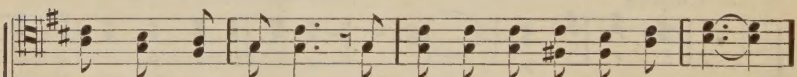
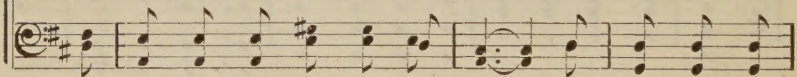
1. Our coun - try, un - ri - valled in beau - ty And splen - dor that
2. Our coun - try, the birth - place of free - dom, The land where our
3. Our coun - try, with ar - dent de - vo - tion In God may thy



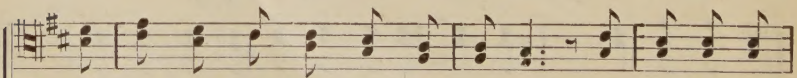
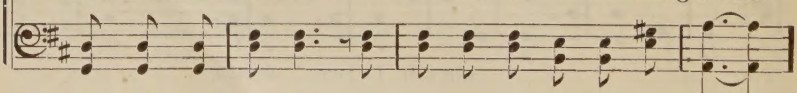
can - not be told, How love - ly thy hills and thy wood - lands,
fore - fa - thers trod, And sang in the aisles of the for - est
chil - dren a - bide; In Him be the strength of our na - tion,



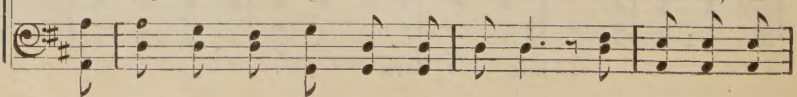
Ar - rayed in a sun - light of gold. The ea - gle, proud
Their hymns of thanks - giv - ing to God. Their bark they had
His laws and His coun - sel its guide. Our ban - ner—that



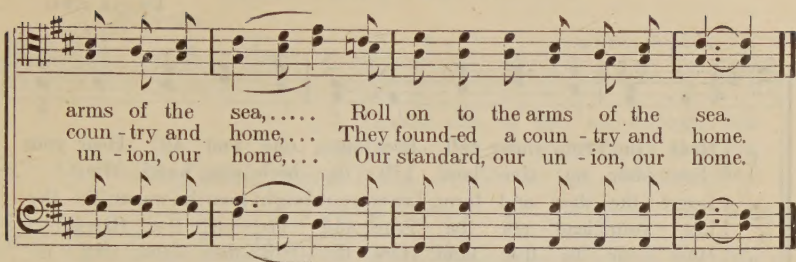
king of the moun - tain, Is soar - ing ma - jes - tic and free;
moored in the har - bor, No more on the o - cean to roam;
time - hon - ored ban - ner That floats o'er the o - cean's bright foam—



Thy riv - ers and lakes in their gran - deur Roll on to the
And there, in the wilds of New Eng - land, They found - ed a
God keep them un - sul - lied for ev - er— Our stand - ard, our



Our Country. Concluded.



arms of the sea,.... Roll on to the arms of the sea.
 coun - try and home,... They found - ed a coun - try and home.
 un - ion, our home,... Our standard, our un - ion, our home.

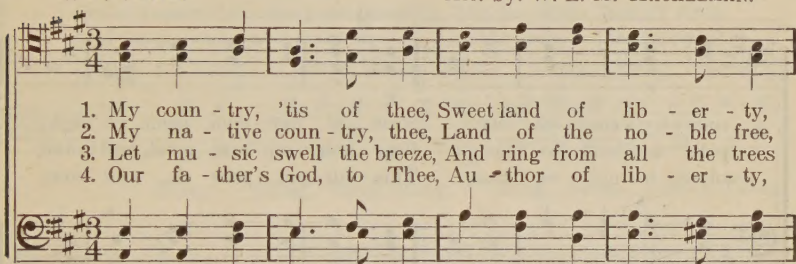
3. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

(AMERICA.)

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S. F. SMITH.

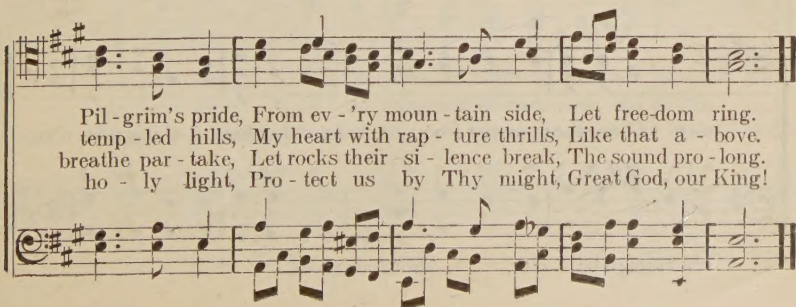
Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's

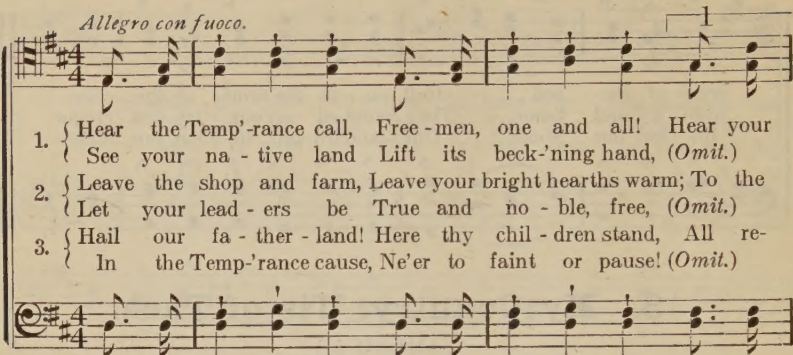


Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 temp - led hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

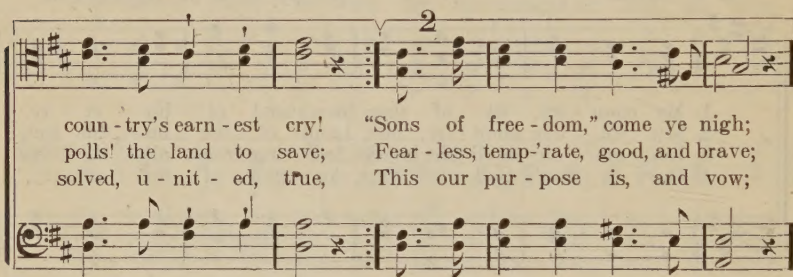
4. The Temperance Call.

FRANZ ABT.

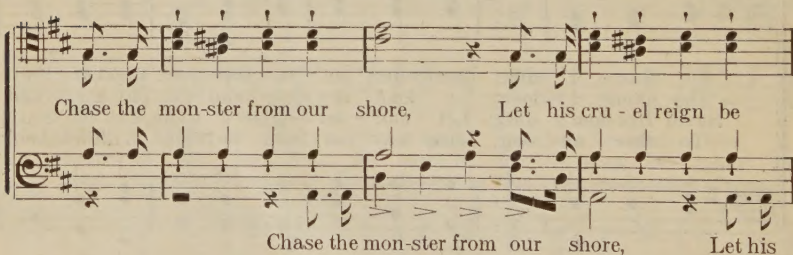
Allegro con fuoco.



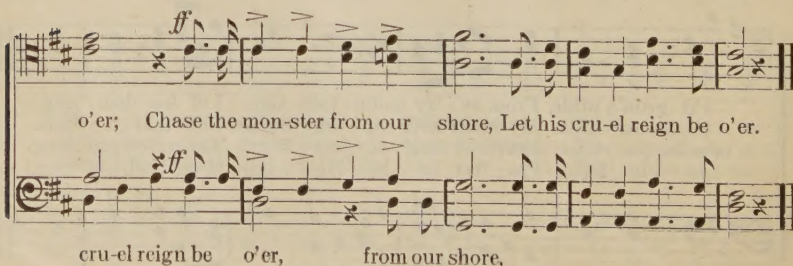
1. { Hear the Temp'-rance call, Free-men, one and all! Hear your
 { See your na - tive land Lift its beck'-ning hand, (*Omit.*)
 2. { Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the
 { Let your lead - ers be True and no - ble, free, (*Omit.*)
 3. { Hail our fa - ther - land! Here thy chil - dren stand, All re-
 { In the Temp'-rance cause, Ne'er to faint or pause! (*Omit.*)



coun - try's earn - est cry! "Sons of free - dom," come ye nigh;
 polls! the land to save; Fear - less, temp'-rate, good, and brave;
 solved, u - nit - ed, true, This our pur - pose is, and vow;



Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be
 Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his



o'er; Chase the mon-ster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.
 cru-el reign be o'er, from our shore,

5. Hammer Song.

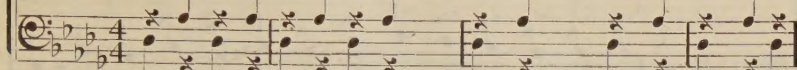
(DUET TENORS, ANVIL ACC.)

Allegretto.

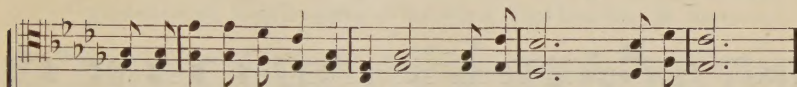


1. To the din of the an-vil's ring-ing,
2. To the fire of the forg-es glanc-ing,

Klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang,



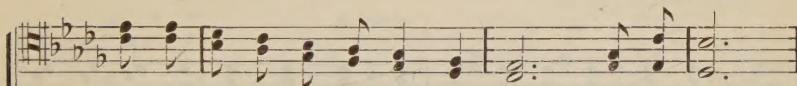
Kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling,



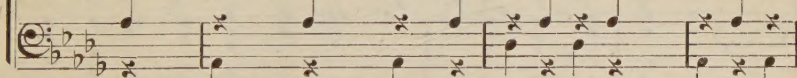
And the voice of the sharp steel singing, Join the song, mer-ry song,
And the stars of the i-ron danc-ing, Join the song, mer-ry song,
klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang,



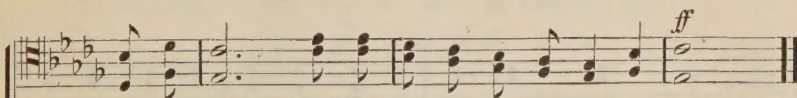
kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling,



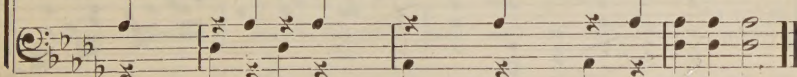
Of the ham-mer blows so clear and strong, Join the song,
Of the ham-mer blows so clear and strong, Join the song,
klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang,



kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling,



mer - ry song, Of the ham-mer blows so clear and strong.
mer - ry song, Of the ham-mer blows so clear and strong.
klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang, klang,



kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling, kling,

6. The Three Bumble Bees.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. There were three buzz-ing bum-ble bees, three buzzing bumble bees; They
2. There were three buzz-ing bum-ble bees, three buzzing bumble bees; They

[illegible]

swept the gar-den all the day With their zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zcom, zoom,
swept the gar-den all the day With their zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth notes, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to D5, and then descending back down to G4. The notes are: G4, A4, Bb4, C5, D5, C5, Bb4, A4, G4. The system ends with a double bar line.

zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,

[illegible]

1. And ev - 'ry flow'r they set - tled in, Just shook its sides to
2. They sang and buzzed till night came on, And ev'-ning breez-es

The first staff of the 'Lied' section contains a sequence of chords in G major. The notation is as follows:

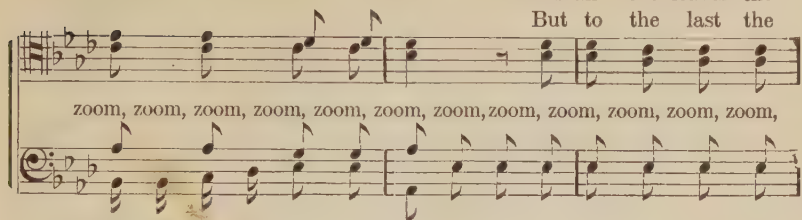
- Measure 1: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 2: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 3: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 4: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 5: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 6: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 7: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).
- Measure 8: G4 (quarter note), B4 (quarter note), D5 (quarter note), G4 (quarter note).

zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom

hear the mer - ry din, And all the leaves the gar-den round, Kept
quivered chill and lone, But to the last the gar-den round, Kept

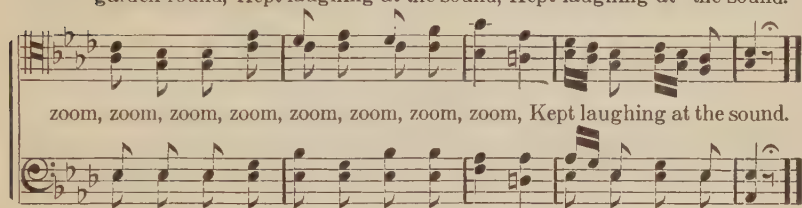
The Three Bumble Bees. Concluded.

And all the leaves the
But to the last the



laugh-ing at the fun - ny sound,
laugh-ing at the fun - ny sound.

garden round, Kept laughing at the sound, Kept laughing at the sound.
garden round, Kept laughing at the sound, Kept laughing at the sound.



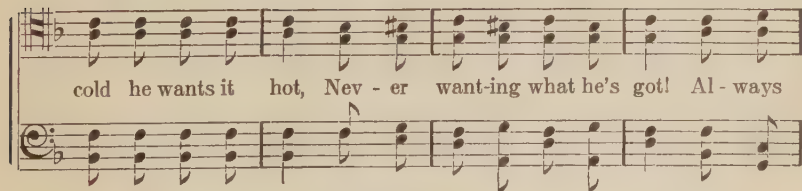
7. Man's a Fool!

ENCORE.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



As a rule, man's a fool! When it's hot he wants it cool, When its



cold he wants it hot, Nev - er want-ing what he's got! Al - ways



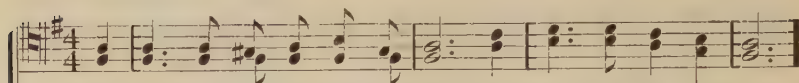
want-ing what is not! We main - tain, as a rule, man's a fool!

8. Serenade.

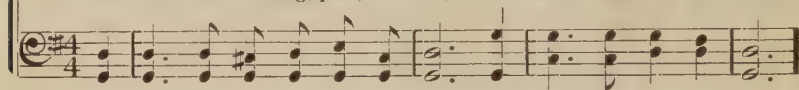
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BIRDIE BELL.

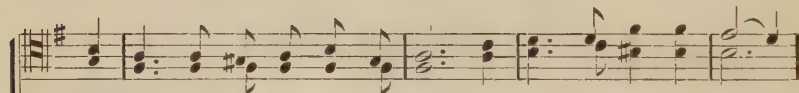
DELOSS SMITH.



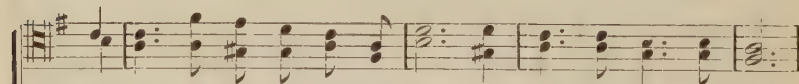
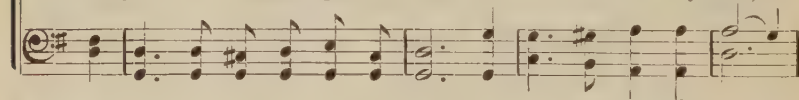
1. Sail on, O Moon, fair queen of night! Chase shad-ows far a - way,
2. Be - neath thy win-dow now I wait, A - wak - en from thy sleep,
3. The moon is sail-ing, pale, se-rene, The stars, each like a gem,



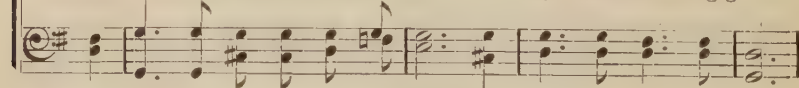
Thy path-way gleams with sil - v'ry light, And stars in proud ar - ray
With - in my heart new joy cre - ate As pa - tient watch I keep;
Up - on the brow of night are seen In glitt' - ring di - a - dem;



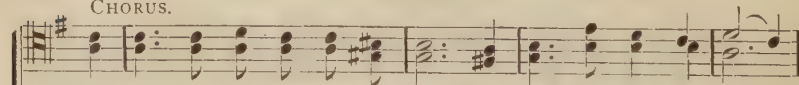
Like dia - monds stud the sky a - bove, Up - on me soft - ly shine,
The state - ly moon is queen of night, But thou, love, art my queen,
And yet to me the night is dear Un - til I see thy face,



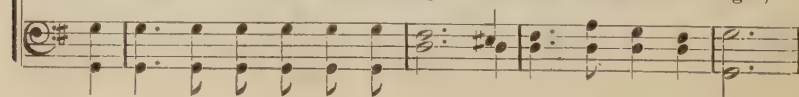
The while I sing, A - wake, my love! For thee my heart doth pine.
No glitt' - ring star to me so bright As thy sweet eyes, I ween.
O to my long - ing sight ap - pear In thy be - witch - ing grace.



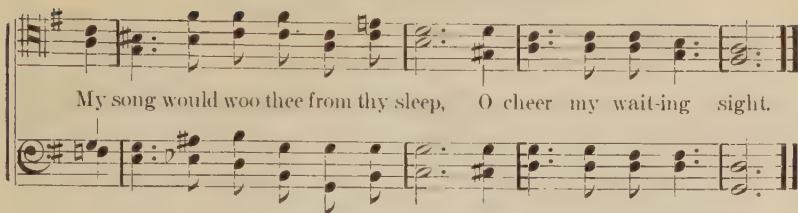
CHORUS.



A-wake from slum-ber calm and deep, The earth is bath'd in light,



Serenade. Concluded.



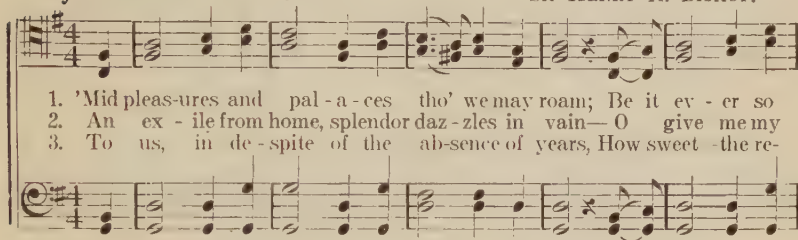
My song would woo thee from thy sleep, O cheer my wait-ing sight.

9. Home, Sweet Home.

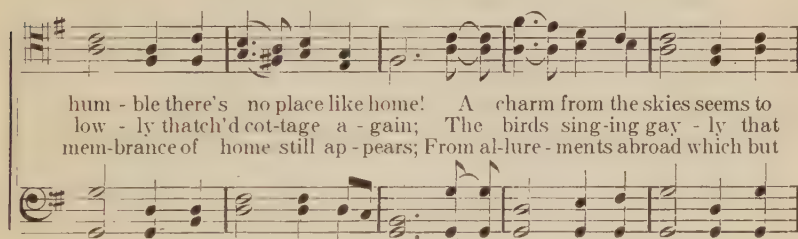
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JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

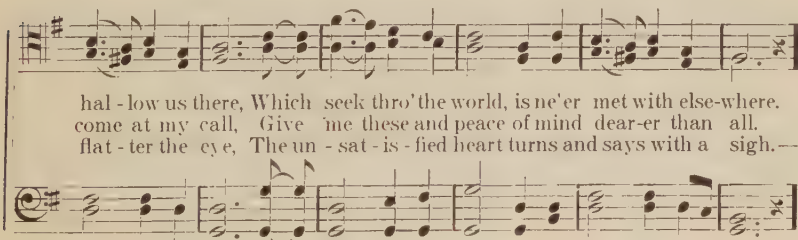
Sir HENRY R. BISHOP.



1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces tho' we may roam; Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain—O give me my
3. To us, in de - spite of the ab-sence of years, How sweet - the re-

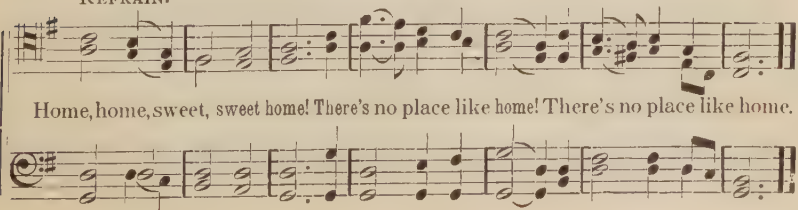


hum - ble there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gay - ly that
mem-brance of home still ap - pears; From al-lure - ments abroad which but



hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
come at my call, Give me these and peace of mind dear-er than all.
flat - ter the eye, The un - sat - is - fied heart turns and says with a sigh.—

REFRAIN.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home.

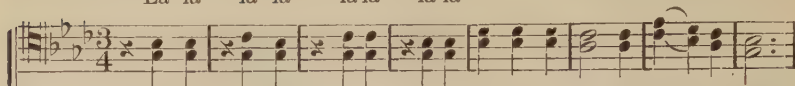
10. Boating Song.

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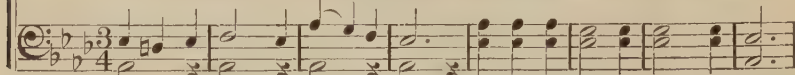
BIRDIE BELL.

DELOSS SMITH.

La la la la la la

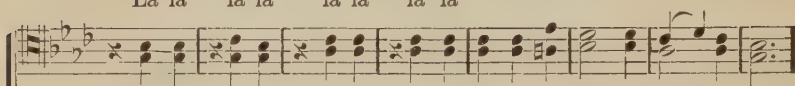


1. Cheer-i - ly sing our boat - ing song, Mer - ri - ly now we glide a-long,
2. Tune-ful-ly sing our boat - ing song, Mel - o - dy, sweet and clear prolong;
3. Joy - ous-ly sing our boat - ing song, Cheer-ful-ly let us sail a-long,

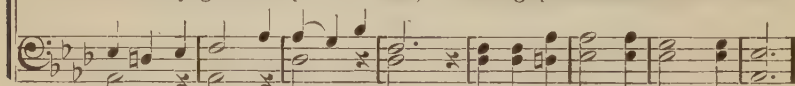


La la la la

La la la la la la

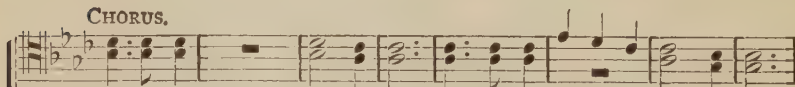


Beau-te-ous skies are cloudless, fair, Balm-i - est scents the breezes bear.
Hap-pi-ness fills our hearts to - day, Sor-row-ful tho'ts are far a - way.
Ten-der-ly gaze in eyes so near, Lov-ing-ly chase each doubt or fear.

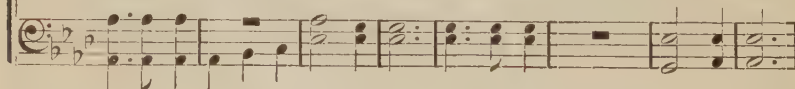


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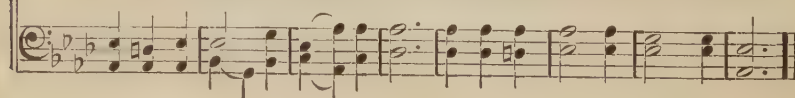
CHORUS.



Mer-ri - ly, tunefully, wake the song, Cheerfully, joy-ous-ly, row along,



Un-der the skies of cloudless blue, Glid-eth our boat, so staunch and true.

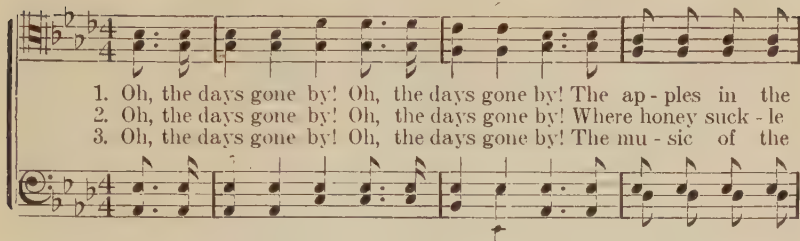


11. The Days Gone By.

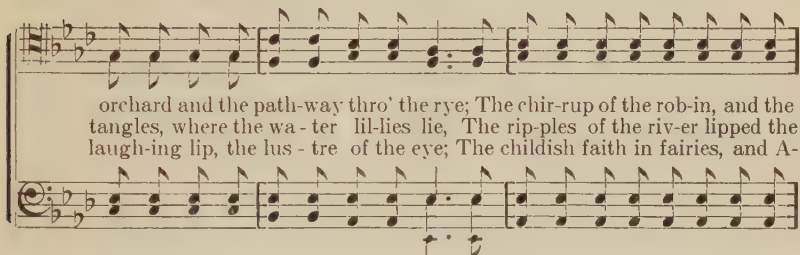
Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

J. W. RILEY.

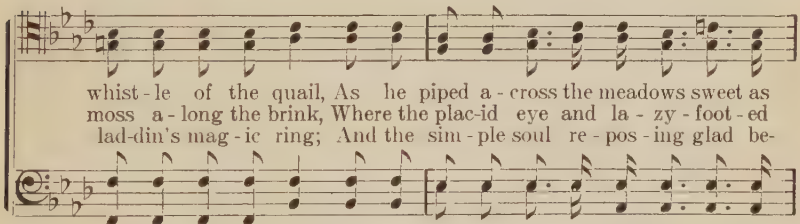
J. M. DUNGAN.



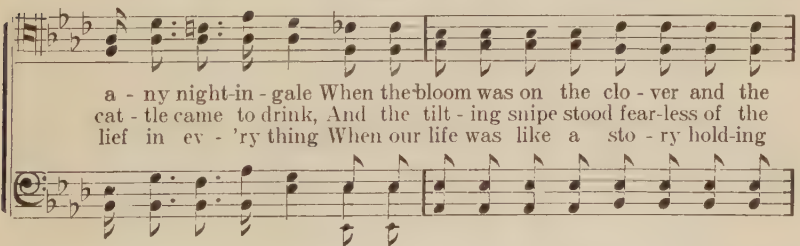
1. Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The ap - ples in the
 2. Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! Where honey suck - le
 3. Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The mu - sic of the



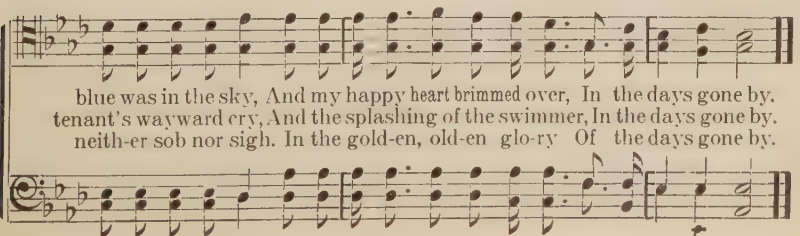
orchard and the path-way thro' the rye; The chir-rup of the rob-in, and the
 tangles, where the wa - ter lil-lies lie, The rip-ples of the riv-er lipped the
 laugh-ing lip, the lus - tre of the eye; The childish faith in fairies, and A -



whist-le of the quail, As he piped a - cross the meadows sweet as
 moss a - long the brink, Where the plac-id eye and la - zy - foot - ed
 lad-din's mag - ic ring; And the sim - ple soul re - pos - ing glad be -



a - ny night-in - gale When the bloom was on the clo - ver and the
 cat - tle came to drink, And the tilt - ing snipe stood fear-less of the
 lief in ev - 'ry thing When our life was like a sto - ry hold-ing



blue was in the sky, And my happy heart brimmed over, In the days gone by.
 tenant's wayward cry, And the splashing of the swimmer, In the days gone by.
 neith-er sob nor sigh. In the gold-en, old-en glo-ry Of the days gone by.

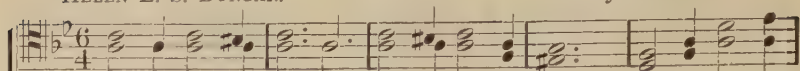
12. The Soldiers Rest.

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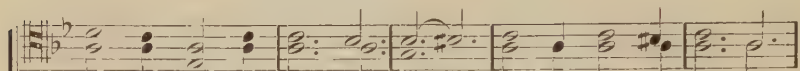
Suitable for Decoration Day or G. A. R. Funerals.

HELEN L. S. DUNGAN.

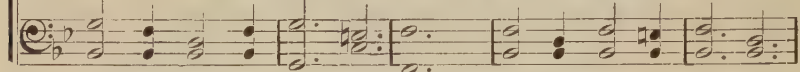

J. M. DUNGAN.





1. Si - lent-ly they're sleeping in the grave so low, No-ble hearts who
 2. Peacefully they're sleeping in the grave so deep, They who quickly
 3. Qui-et-ly and gen-tly let them sweet-ly sleep, Our dear country

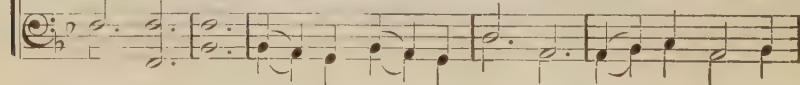
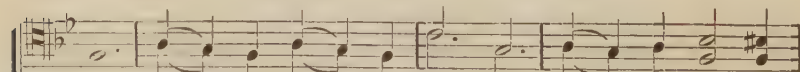
brave - ly suf-fered for the right. May we by these off-'rings
 an-swered to their coun - try's call. When war's des - o - la - tion
 they have res-cued from the foe. We will deck their graves while


our de - vo - tion show, To our hon - ored sol - diers rest - ing
 o'er our land did sweep, When the dark cloud shad - owed like a
 stars their vig - ils keep, And the sum - mer winds sing lul - la -

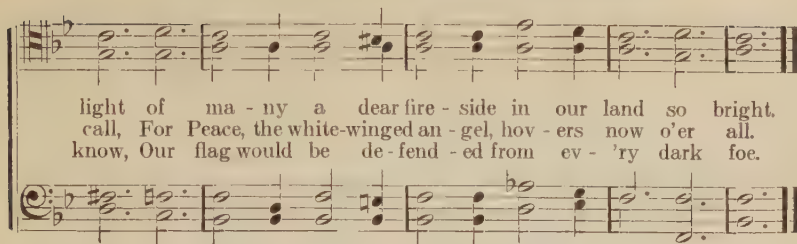
from the fight; Years of des - o - la - tion, black as sin's dark
 fun - ral pall; But their war-fare's en - ded, All un - heed - ed
 bys so low, For their daunt-less cour - age, let us cour - age

night, Brood - ed o'er our na - tion dark - en - ing the
 fall Songs of sor - row blend - ed with the cuck-oo's
 show, For if they were with us ver - y well we



The Soldiers Rest. Concluded.

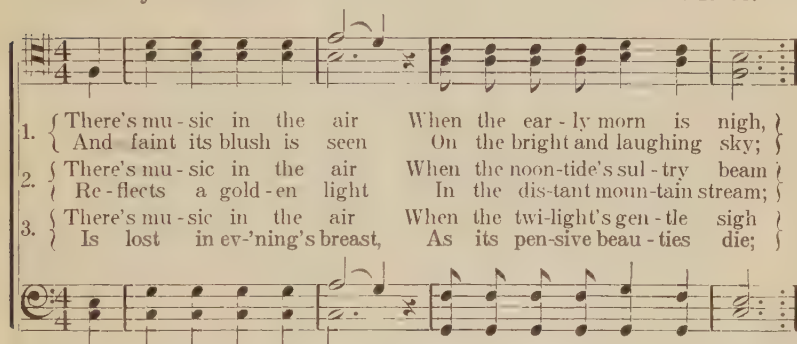


light of ma - ny a dear fire - side in our land so bright,
 call, For Peace, the white-winged an - gel, hov - ers now o'er all.
 know, Our flag would be de - fend - ed from ev - 'ry dark foe.

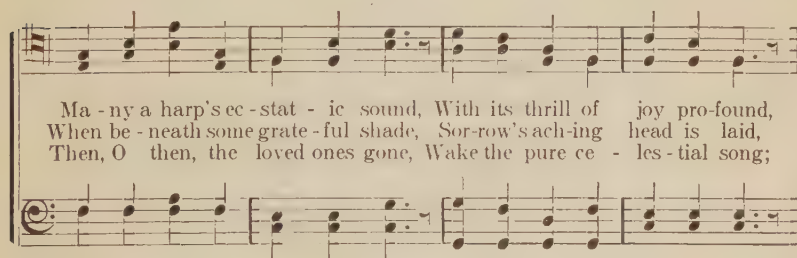
13. There's Music in The Air.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

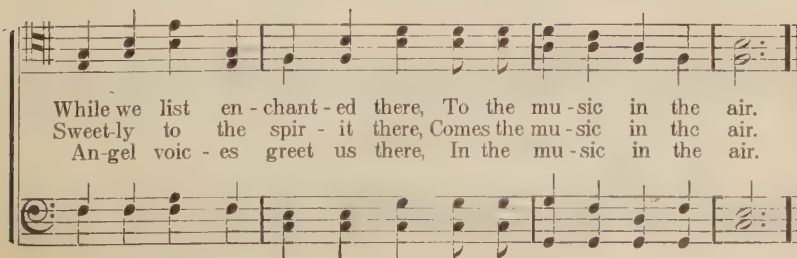
GEO. F. ROOT.



1. { There's mu - sic in the air When the ear - ly morn is nigh, }
 { And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky; }
 2. { There's mu - sic in the air When the noon-tide's sul - try beam }
 { Re - flects a gold - en light In the dis - tant moun - tain stream; }
 3. { There's mu - sic in the air When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh }
 { Is lost in ev - 'ning's breast, As its pen - sive beau - ties die; }



Ma - ny a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
 When be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
 Then, O then, the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song;

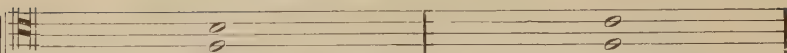


While we list en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
 Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 An - gel voic - es greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

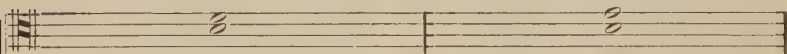
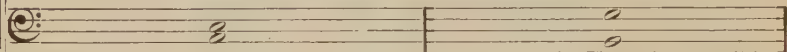
14. The Candidate.

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J. M. DUNGAN.



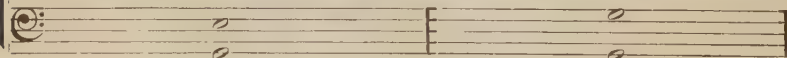
1. "Father, who travels the road so late?" Fit example of human woes—
 "Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate;" Early he comes and late he goes
2. "Husband, who is the man at the gate?" "Husband, why don't he work like you,
 "Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate." Has he nothing at home to do?" "My
3. Brothers, who labor early and late, What's his record? How does he stand
 Ask these things of the candidate; At home; no matter about his hand. Be it



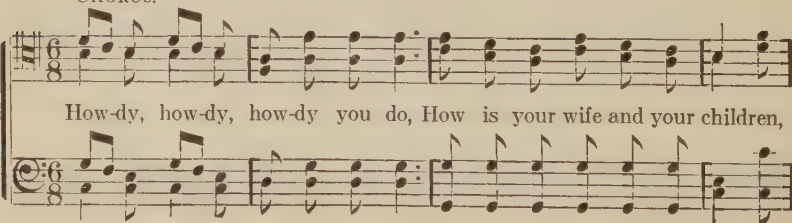
He greets the women with courtly grace, calls to the fence the farmer at work,
 He kisses the baby's dirty face, He He bores the clerk, The
 dear, whenever a man is down, Too stupid to preach, and too proud to beg.
No cash at home, no credit in town. Too timid to rob, and too lazy to dig, Then,
 hard or soft, so it be not prone to he in view no thriving plan? Is he
 close over money not his own. Has honest and capable? he's our man.



blacksmith while his anvil rings, He greets, and this is the song he sings:
 over his horse his legs he flings, And to the dear people this song he sings:
Cheer such a one 'til the welkin rings, Join in the chorus when thus he sings:



CHORUS.



How-dy, how-dy, how-dy you do, How is your wife and your children,

The Candidate. Concluded.

too, I love to shake your hon-est hand, For you are a work-ing man.

15. Peter Gray.

(An affecting ballad for men's voices.)

New arrangement.

SOLO. *Con dolore.*

1. Once on a time there was a man, His name was Pe ter Gray; He lived way
2. Now Pe - ter Gray he fell in love, All with a nice young girl; The first three
3. But just as they were going to wed, Her fa-ther he said "No"! And con - se-
4. And Pe - ter Gray he went to trade, For furs and oth-er things, Till he was
5. When Lu-cy Anna heard the news, She sraightway down did lie, And murmur'd
6. When next Miss Lucy saw her love, A bran new wig he wore, And now they

CHORUS.

down in that'ere town Called Penn-syl-va-ni-a.
 let-ters of her name, Were Lu-cy An-na Quirl.
 quent-ly, she was sent Way off to O-hi-o.
 caught and scalp-i-ed By blood-y In-di-ans.
 "if he comes not back, I think that I must die."
 live in hap-pi-ness, Their troubles all are o'er.

Blow ye winds of

morning, Blow ye winds, high-o! Blow ye winds of morning, Blow, blow, blow.

16. Concerning Mosquitos.

Copyright. 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

ANNA A. GORDON.

J. M. DUNGAN

Skeeters have the rep-u-ta-tion Of con-tin-u-ous ap-pli-ca-tion

z.....ing The mos - quit - to

The mos - quit - to

To their poi-son-ous pro-fes-sion; Nev - er miss-ing night-ly ses-sion,

hear him zing

hear him zing

Wear-ing out your life's ex - ist-ence By their prac - ti - cal per-sist-ence.

hear him zing.....

hear him zing

z - - - ing The mos - quit - to

Would I had the pow'r to ve - to Bills of ev - e - ry mos-qui-to;

The mos - . qui - - to

Concerning Mosquitos. Continued.

hearing him zing
Then I'd pass a peace-ful sum-mer, With no small noc-tur-nal hum-mer,

hearing him zing

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It features two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains a melody with a long note on 'him' and a short note on 'zing'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'hearing him zing' and 'Then I'd pass a peace-ful sum-mer, With no small noc-tur-nal hum-mer,'.

hearing him zing
Feast-ing on my cir-cu-la-tion For his reg-u-lar po-ta-tion.

hearing him zing

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It features two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with a long note on 'him' and a short note on 'zing'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'hearing him zing' and 'Feast-ing on my cir-cu-la-tion For his reg-u-lar po-ta-tion.'.

pp Rit. pp A tempo.
z - - - ing, Oh, that rascally mosquito! He's a fel-low you must see to;

p The mos - - - qui - - - to,

Detailed description: This is the third system of the musical score. It features two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'z - - - ing, Oh, that rascally mosquito! He's a fel-low you must see to;' and 'The mos - - - qui - - - to,'. There are tempo markings: 'pp Rit.' and 'pp A tempo.' above the first staff, and a dynamic marking 'p' below the second staff.

Which you can't do if you're nap-ping, But must ev-er-more be slap-ping,

hearing him zing

hearing him zing.

Detailed description: This is the fourth system of the musical score. It features two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a melody with eighth notes. The lyrics are 'Which you can't do if you're nap-ping, But must ev-er-more be slap-ping,' and 'hearing him zing' and 'hearing him zing.'.

Concerning Mosquitos. Continued.

Quite pro-mis-cuous on your feat-ures, For you sel-dom hit the creatures

hear him zing

This system contains a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and a piano accompaniment in G major. The vocal line has a long note on 'zing' that carries over to the next system. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern.

zing.....
pp Rit. *A tempo. pp*

z - - ing, The mos - qui - to - hear him zing

But the thing most aggravating Is the cool and cal-cu-lat-ing

This system begins with a piano introduction marked *pp Rit.* and *A tempo. pp*. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'z - - ing, The mos - qui - to - hear him zing'. The piano accompaniment features a more active harmonic pattern.

The mos - qui - to - hear him zing

Way in which he tunes his harp-string To the mel - o - dy of sharpsting;

This system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'The mos - qui - to - hear him zing'. The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic pattern from the previous system.

hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him,

Then pro-ceeds to ser - e - nade you, And suc-cess-ful - ly e-vade you.

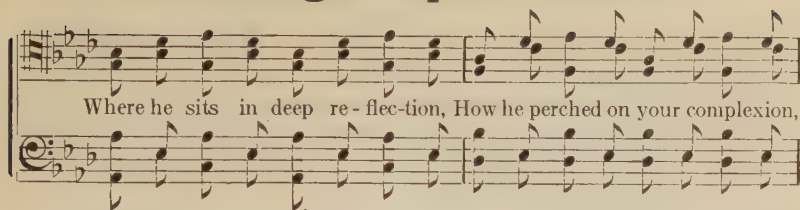
This system features a vocal melody with the lyrics 'hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern.

pp Rit. *f A tempo. Piu moto.*

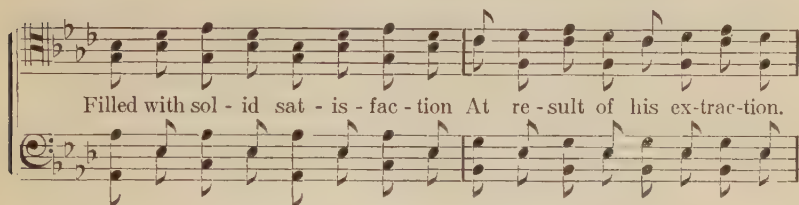
z - - ing, When a skeeter gets thro' stealing, He sails upward to the ceiling

This system begins with a piano introduction marked *pp Rit.* and *f A tempo. Piu moto.*. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'z - - ing, When a skeeter gets thro' stealing, He sails upward to the ceiling'. The piano accompaniment features a more active harmonic pattern.

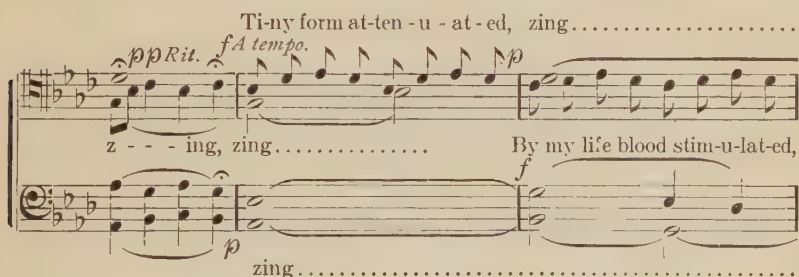
Concerning Mosquitos. Concluded.



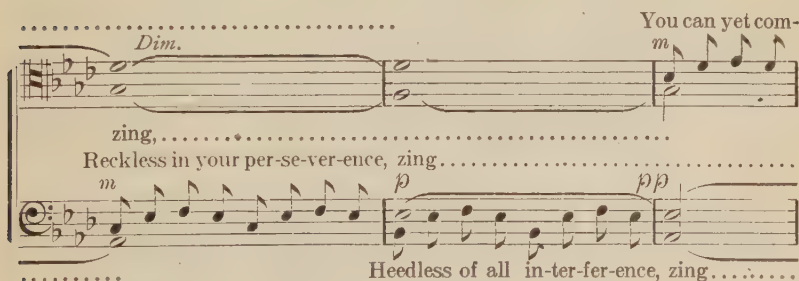
Where he sits in deep re-flec-tion, How he perched on your complexion,



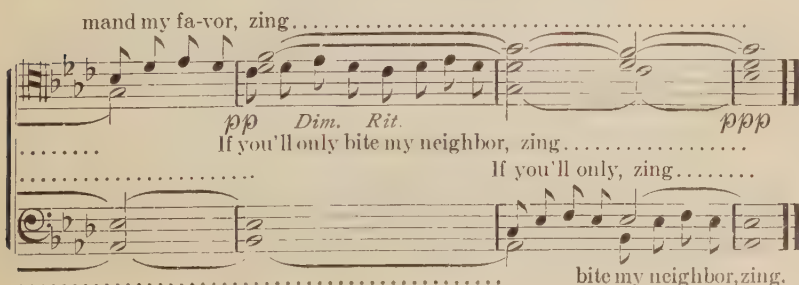
Filled with sol-id sat-is-fac-tion At re-sult of his ex-trac-tion.



Ti-ny form at-ten-u-at-ed, zing.....
 z - - - ing, zing..... By my life blood stim-u-lat-ed,
 zing.....



zing..... You can yet com-
 Reckless in your per-se-ver-ence, zing.....
 Heedless of all in-ter-fer-ence, zing.....



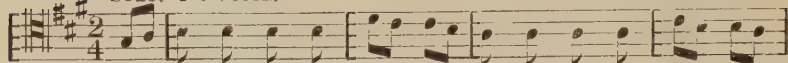
mand my fa-vor, zing.....
 If you'll only bite my neighbor, zing.....
 If you'll only, zing.....
 bite my neighbor, zing.

17. No Wife at All.

TRIO.

Arr. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO. 1st VOICE.*



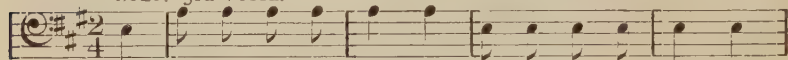
A lit - tle farm well tilled, A lit - tle cot well filled, A

SOLO. 2nd VOICE.*



A larg - er farm well tilled, A big - ger house well filled, A

SOLO. 3rd VOICE.*



I like a farm well tilled, I like the house well filled, But



little wife well will'd give me, give me, A short wife, a short wife,



tall-er wife well will'd give me, give me, A tall wife, a



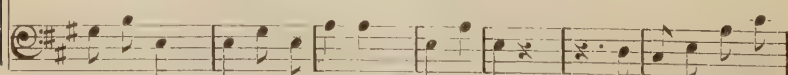
no wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give



A short wife, a short wife, give me, give me, A short wife,



tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, give me, give me, A tall wife, a



me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all, no

*Sing as far as repeat marks, in turn, then all together.

No Wife at All. Concluded.

a short wife, A short wife, a short wife, give me, give me.

tall wife, A tall wife, a tall wife, give me, give me.

wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me.

*After this repeat, go to the first, second and third voices, and sing them together twice over for the ending of the tune.

18. Who Built de Ark?

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Hum.....

1. Oh, the sun am got so scorch-in' hot! That it's burnt up ev'ry thing we've got!

2. Oh, it burnt the sheep and ox-en brown, And it's burnt up ev'rything in town!

3. Don't you see dem heav'nly gates stand wide! Dey is open for you to come inside!

Hum.....

Who built de ark? Brother No - ah! broth-er No - ah! Who built de ark?

Broth-er No - ah! Broth-er No - ah! Who built de ark? Broth-er

Rit. Ad lib.

No - ah built de ark! Who buik dat ark? Brother No-ah built de ark!

*Spoken by Bass boisterously.

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Harmonized by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Hum.....

Hum.....

1. { The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home,
 { The young folks roll on the little cab - in floor,
 2. { They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 { The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 3. { The heart must bow and the back will have to bend,
 { A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,

Hum.....

Hum.....

Hum.....

Hum.....

Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies all are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the
All mer-ry, all hap-py, gay and bright; By an' by hard times comes a-
On meadow, o'er hill and by the shore; They sing no more by the
With sor-row where once was all de-light; The time has come when the
Where-ev-er the dark-ey now must go; A few more days and the
No mat-ter, it nev-er will be light; Just a few days more will we

Hum.....

Hum.....

Hum.....

meadows are in bloom; While the birds make mu-sic all the day....
knock-ing at the door, Then my [*Omit*.....]
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the lit-tle cab-in door....
dark-ies have to part, Then my [*Omit*.....]
troub-le all will end, In the field where the cane and cotton grow....
tot-ter on the road, Then my [*Omit*.....]

Hum.....

Old Kentucky Home. Concluded.

Hum.....

2

CHORUS.

old Ken-tuck - y home, good night, (good night.) Weep no more my

Hum.....

Hum.....

la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day. We will sing one song for the

Hum.....

Old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Kentucky home far a-way. (a-way.)

20. Stars of the Summer Night.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your golden
 2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in silent
 3. Wind of the summer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your

light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

21. The Song of the Chemist.

(TRIO.)

GEO. F. ROOT.

Andantino.



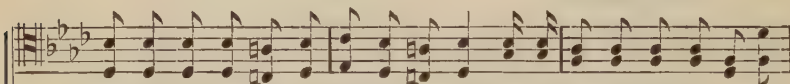
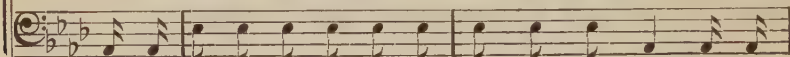
1. Oh, come where the Cy - an - ides si - lent - ly flow,
2. While Al - co - hol's li - quid at thir - ty de - grees,
3. Oh, Sulphides and Chlorides and Ni - trates so dear,



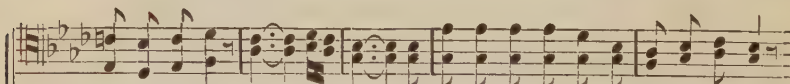
Come! come! come! come!



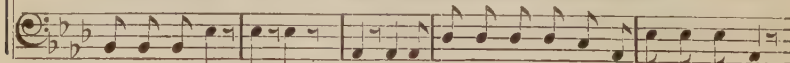
And the Car - bu - rets droop o'er the Ox - ides be - low; Where the
And no chem - i - cal change can af - fect Man - ga - nese, While the
Nev - er names to my soul can so close - ly co - here; So while



rays of Po - tas - si - um shine on the hill, And the song of the Sil - i - cate
Al - ka - lies flourish, } and Acids are free, Shall my true heart be faithful, sweet
Al - ka - lies flourish, }



nev - er is still. Come! oh, come! Per - ox - ide of So - da and Vi - ni - vi - tum;
Science to thee Yes, to thee, Zinc, Borax and Bismuth and H, O, plus C;

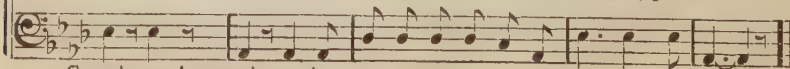


Come! come, come! come!

Yes, yes, yes, yes.



Come! oh, come! Per - ox - ide of So - da and Vi - ni - vi - tum.
Yes, to thee, Zinc, Borax, and Bismuth and H, O, plus C.



Come! come! come! come!

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

22. Sweet and Low.

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

BARNBY.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

pp Andante.

1. Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern
2. Sleep and rest, Sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee

sea, Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern
soon; Rest, rest on mother's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee

sea, O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
soon. Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails

[dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,....
all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,..

Rit e dim.

ppp

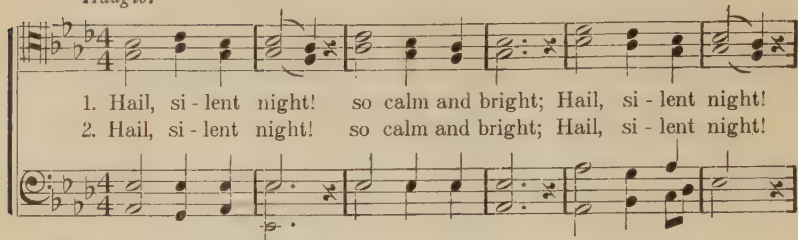
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
Sleep my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.....

23. Hail, Silent Night!

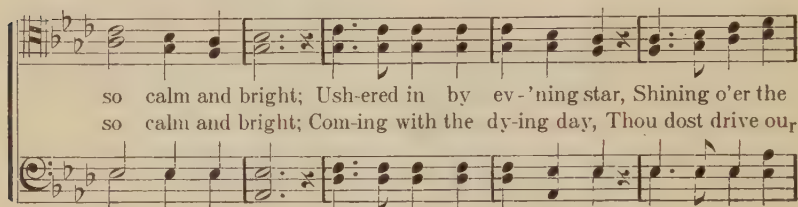
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Arr. by W. E. HACKLEMAN.

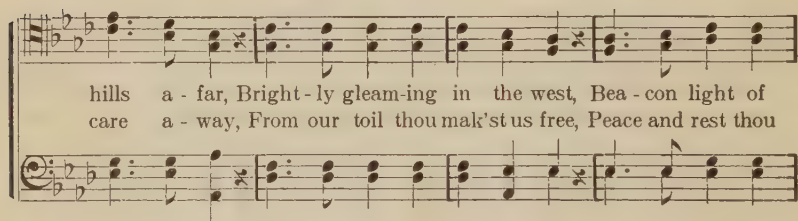
Adagio.



1. Hail, si - lent night! so calm and bright; Hail, si - lent night!
2. Hail, si - lent night! so calm and bright; Hail, si - lent night!

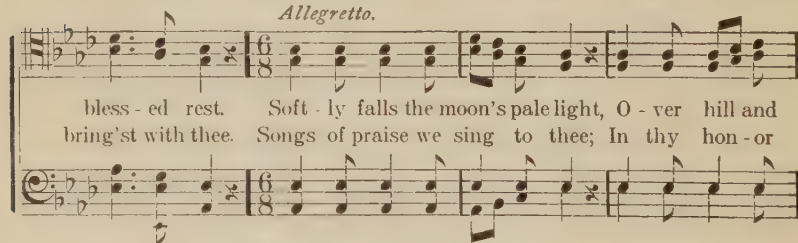


so calm and bright; Ush-ered in by ev-'ning star, Shining o'er the
so calm and bright; Com-ing with the dy-ing day, Thou dost drive out

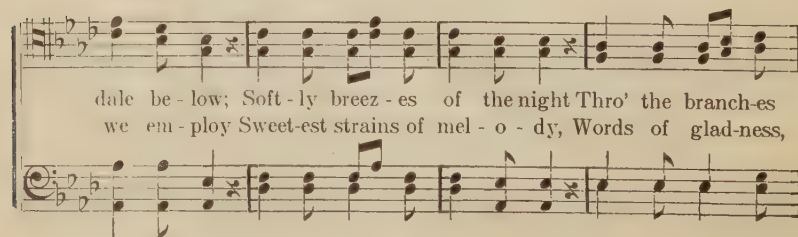


hills a - far, Bright-ly gleam-ing in the west, Bea - con light of
care a - way, From our toil thou mak'st us free, Peace and rest thou

Allegretto.

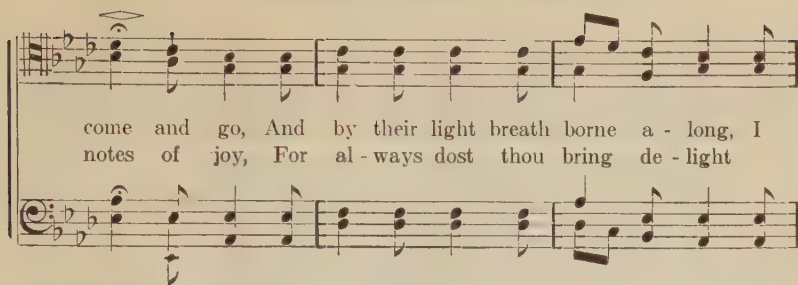


bless - ed rest. Soft - ly falls the moon's pale light, O - ver hill and
bring'st with thee. Songs of praise we sing to thee; In thy hon - or

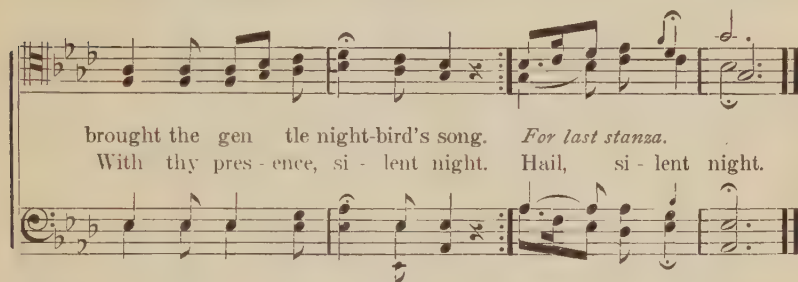


dale be - low; Soft - ly breez - es of the night Thro' the branch-es
we em - ploy Sweet-est strains of mel - o - dy, Words of glad-ness,

Hail, Silent Night! Concluded.



come and go, And by their light breath borne a - long, I
notes of joy, For al - ways dost thou bring de - light

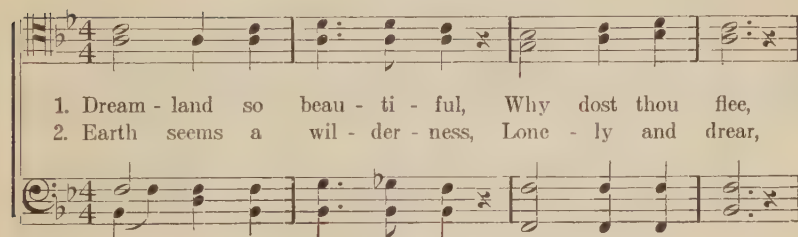


brought the gen - tle night-bird's song. *For last stanza.*
With thy pres - ence, si - lent night. Hail, si - lent night.

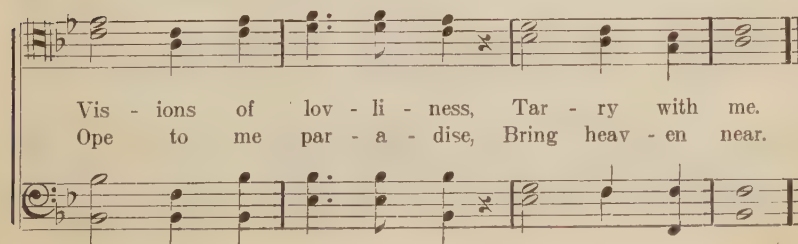
24. Dreamland.

Arrangement, Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Dream - land so beau - ti - ful, Why dost thou flee,
2. Earth seems a wil - der - ness, Lone - ly and drear,



Vis - ions of lov - li - ness, Tar - ry with me.
Ope to me par - a - dise, Bring heav - en near.

25. Good-Night.

(SERENADE.)

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

Slowly and smoothly.

1. Good-night, good-night, Now to all a kind good-night, Lo, the moon from
 2. Good-night, good-night, Now to all a kind good-night; An-gel-like, while
 3. Good-night, good-night, Now to all a kind good-night; Slumber sweet-ly

heav'n is beam - ing, O'er the sil - ver wa - ters
 earth is sleep - ing, Stars a - bove their watch are
 till the morn - ing, Till the sun, the world a -

Lo, the moon from heav'n is beaming,
 An - gel-like, while earth is sleep-ing,
 Slum - ber sweet-ly till the morn-ing,

O'er the sil - ver
 Stars a - bove their
 Till the sun, the

stream - ing. Good-night, good-night, 'Tis the hour of calm de-
 keep - ing. Good-night, good night, Stars a - bove their watch do
 dorn - ing. Rise in his might, Rise in all his glo-rious

wa - ters streaming. Good-night, good-night,
 watch are keep - ing. Good-night, good-night,
 world a - dorn - ing, Rise in his might,

'Tis the hour of
 Stars a - bove their
 Rise in all his

Rall.

light.
 keep;
 might. } Good-night, good - night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

calm delight.
 watch do keep. } Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night, good - night.
 glorious might.

26. Juanita.

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NORTON.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Soft o'er the moun-tain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon, Far o'er the
2. When in my dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light

moun-tains Breaks the day too soon,
beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain,

Hum.....
Hum.....

In thy dark eyes' splen-dor,
Wilt thou not re-lent-ing,

Hum.....

Hum.....

Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks yet ten-der,
For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart con-sent-ing,

CHORUS

Speaks their fond fare-well. Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta, Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta, Let me lin-ger

Lean thou on my heart.
Be my own fair bride.

we should part, Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta, Lean thou on my heart.
at thy side; Ni-ta, Jua-ni-ta, Be my own fair bride.

27. Keep a Song Up on de Way.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

PAUL L. DUNBAR.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. { Oh, de clouds is might-y heav - y, And de rain is might-y thick;
 2. { An' de wa-ters is a rum-blin' O'er de boul-ers in de crick,
 3. { What's de use o' git - tin' mop - y, 'Case de weather ain' de bes'!
 2. { W'en de rain is fall - in' ha' des', Dey's de long-est time to res';
 3. { W'y hit's nice to hyeah de show-ahs Fall - in' down ermong de trees;
 2. { Ef de birds don' both-ah 'bout it, But go singin' lak dey please,

Keep a song.....

Keep a song..... up on de way, up on de way,
 Keep a song.....

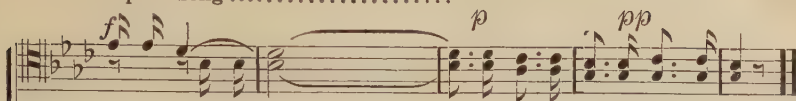
Keep a song

Fu' a bird er-cross de road Is a-sing-in' lak he knowed
 Dough de plough's a-stand-in' still Dey'll be wa-ter fu' de mill,
 You don' s'pose I'se gwine to see Dem ah fowls do mo' dan me?

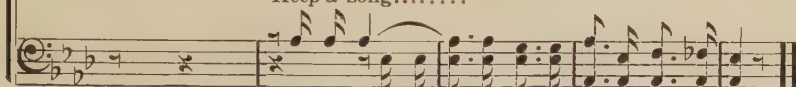
Dat we peo - ple did - n't dare Fur to try de rain - y air.
 Rain mus' come as well as sun Fo' de weathah's wo'k is done,
 No, suh, I will chase dis frown, An' al dough de rain fall down,

Keep a Song Up on de Way. Concluded.

Keep a song



Keep a song..... up on de way, up on de way.
Keep a song.....



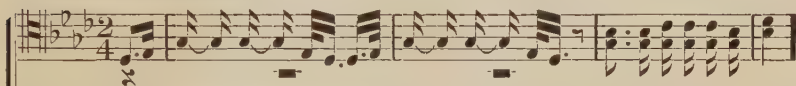
Keep a song

28. Hail, Jerusalem a Hail!

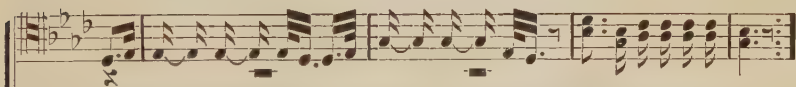
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ALBERT JOHNSON.

J. W. WILSON.



1. { A - way down South on Bit - ter creek, Hail, Jerusalem a hail!
 { I go to bed but it haint no use, Hail, Jerusalem a hail!
2. { A great big nigger with a foot like a shov-el, Hail, Jerusalem a hail!
 { He grabbed dat nigger by de collar ob de pants, Hail, Jerusalem a hail!



Where the niggers grow a might - y thick, Hail, Jerusalem a hail! }
My feet stick out for a chick - en roost, Hail, Jerusalem a hail! }
Got a foolin' wid a white man an' got himself in trouble, Hail, Jerusalem a hail! }
An' you ought to see dat coon do a double song an' dance, Hail, Jerusalem a hail! }



CHORUS.



Hail! hail! Hail, Jerusalem a hail! Oh, my Lord! Hail, Jerusalem a hail!
(ump-um,)



29. Two Flies.

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J. A. PARKS.

Allegro.

There were two flies, two foolish little flies,

There were two flies, two foolish little flies, Climbed

These flies, Climbed in a mo-las-ses cup;
in a mo-las-ses cup, Climbed in a mo-las-ses cup; But they

But they wouldn't speak to each other at all,
would-n't speak to each other at all, Be-

Be-cause, be-cause they were so ver - y much stuck up!
cause,.... be - cause.....

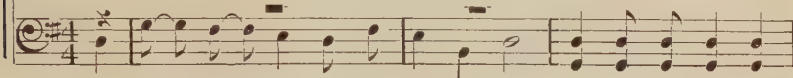
30. "Fishing."

Copyright, 1896, by J. A. Parks.
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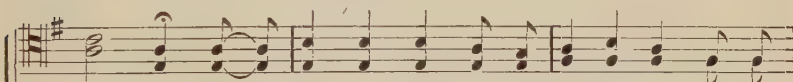
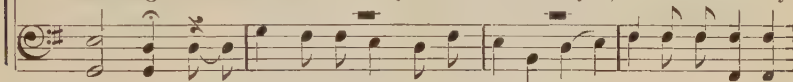
J. A. PARKS.



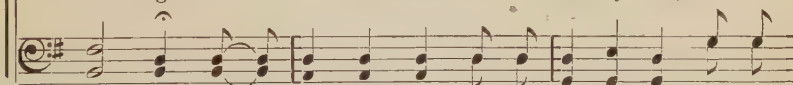
1. A lit-tle boy sat by the riv-er's brim,—All on a Sun-day
2. But all of a sud-den right in he fell, All on a Sun-day



morn-ing! And fish'd for a whale, which was wrong of him,—All on a Sunday
morn-ing! For a mile and a half you could hear him yell,—All on a Sunday



morn-ing! But he nev-er cared wheth-er wrong or right; So he
morn-ing! His.... fa-ther came with a hick-'ry cane, And the



fish'd a-way with all his might, But never a whale would come to bite; They
"whale" he got was a wail of pain; And he won't go a-fishing soon again,—



knew it was Sun-day morn-ing, They knew it was Sun-day morn-ing!
All on a Sun-day morn-ing, All on a Sun-day morn-ing!



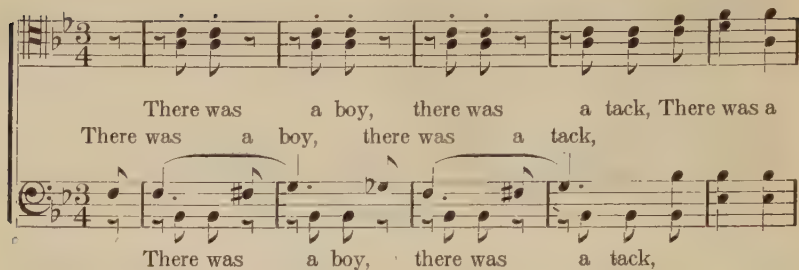
31. The Story of a Tack.

Copyright, 1896, by J. A. Parks.

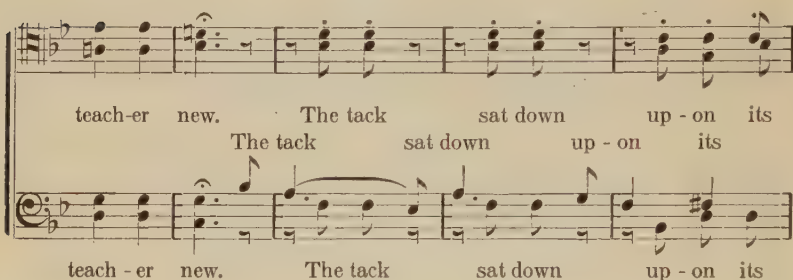
Used by permission of J. A. Parks Co., York, Neb.

Anon.

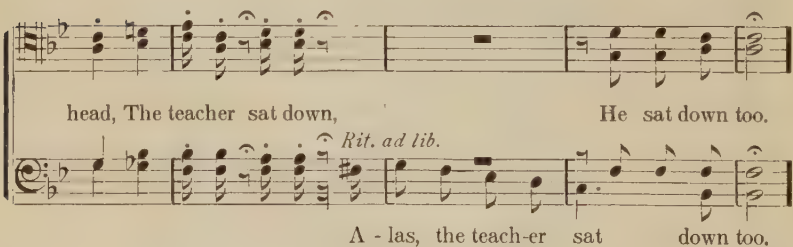
J. A. PARKS.



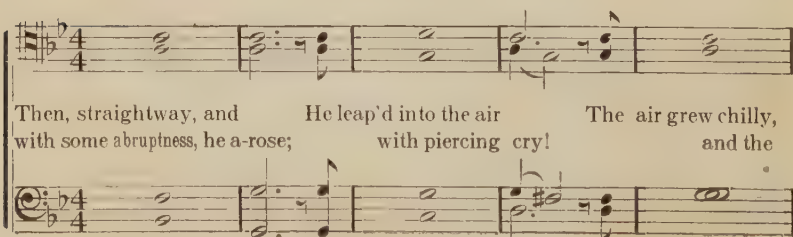
There was a boy, there was a tack, There was a
 There was a boy, there was a tack,
 There was a boy, there was a tack,



teach-er new. The tack sat down up-on its
 The tack sat down up-on its
 teach-er new. The tack sat down up-on its

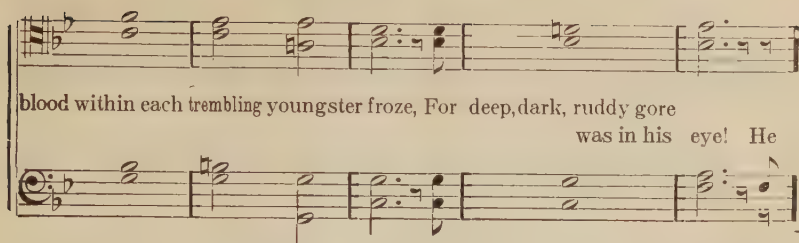


head, The teacher sat down, He sat down too.
Rit. ad lib.
 A-las, the teach-er sat down too.

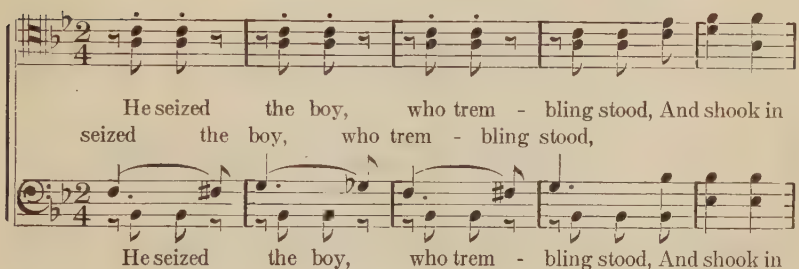


Then, straightway, and He leap'd into the air The air grew chilly,
 with some abruptness, he a-rose; with piercing cry! and the

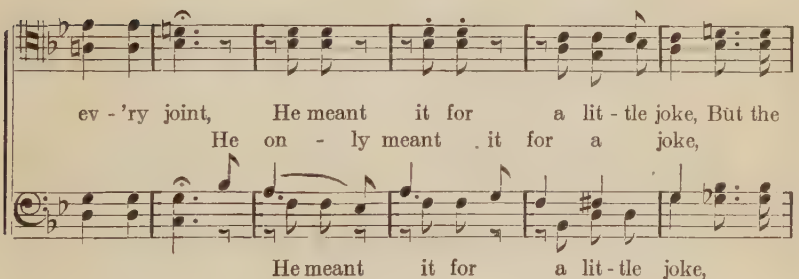
The Story of a Tack. Concluded.



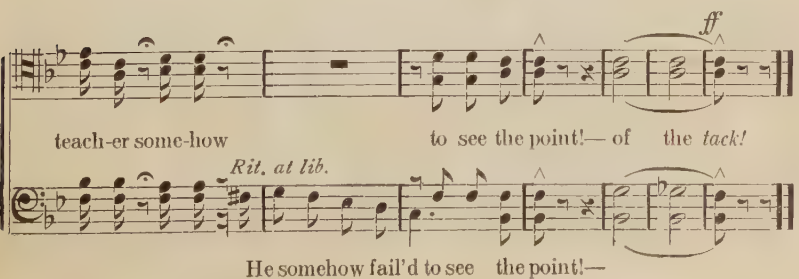
blood within each trembling youngster froze, For deep, dark, ruddy gore
was in his eye! He



He seized the boy, who trem - bling stood, And shook in
seized the boy, who trem - bling stood,
He seized the boy, who trem - bling stood, And shook in



ev - 'ry joint, He meant it for a lit - tle joke, But the
He on - ly meant it for a joke,
He meant it for a lit - tle joke,



teach-er some-how to see the point!— of the tack!
Rit. at lib.
He somehow fail'd to see the point!—

32. His Sweet Guitar.

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Words from "Burlington Hawkeye."

J. A. PARKS.

Moderato. mf

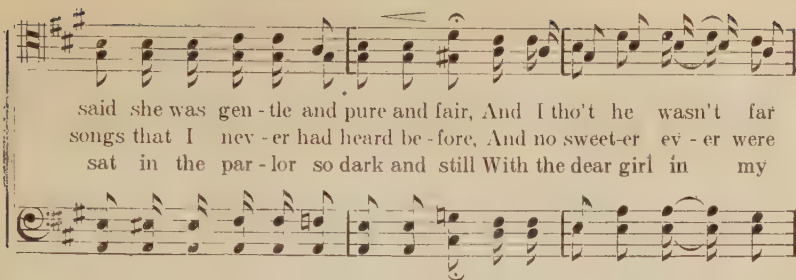
1. He came to the bow'r of her I love, A-twang-ing his sweet gui-
 2. He came and he play'd—the moon was high, And sweet was the love-born
 3. And I, did I care, well, scarce-ly, no! I smiled as I heard him

tar,
 strain;
 play;
 He called her in song, his "snow-white dove," "His
 Till night caught the strain of his plain-tive sigh, And
 I join'd in the cho - rus soft and low, For he
 pink - y pang,

lil - y, his fair bright star."
 ech - oed the sweet re - frain.
 sang what I too would say!
 He sang that his love was be-
 He told her he'd "die for her"
 And while he was there 'neath her
 pink-y pang,

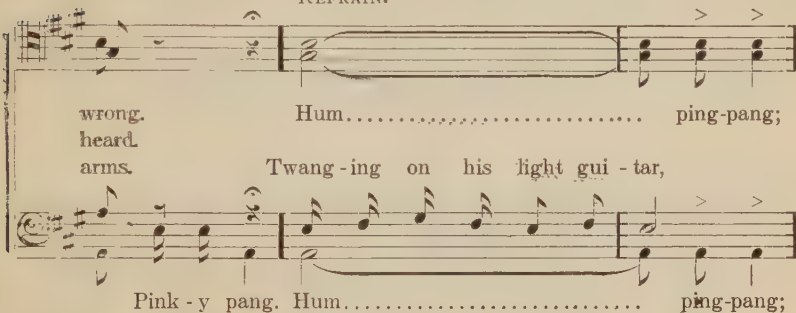
yond com - pare, His voice was so clear and strong, He
 o'er and o'er, With pas - sion in ev - 'ry word! In
 win - dow sill, A sing - ing my dar - ling's charms, I

His Sweet Guitar. Concluded.



said she was gen - tle and pure and fair, And I tho't he wasn't far
songs that I nev - er had heard be - fore, And no sweet - er ev - er were
sat in the par - lor so dark and still With the dear girl in my

REFRAIN.

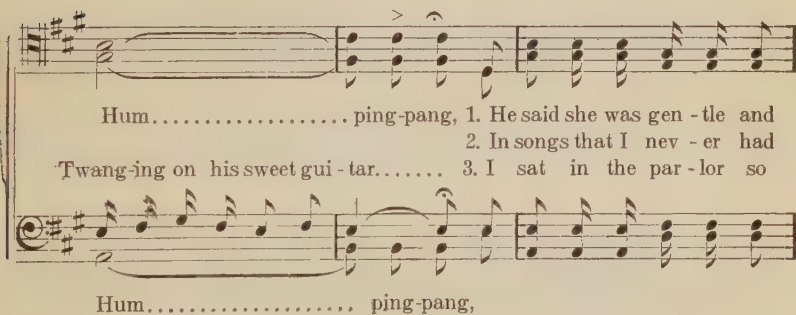


wrong.
heard.
arms.

Hum..... ping-pang;

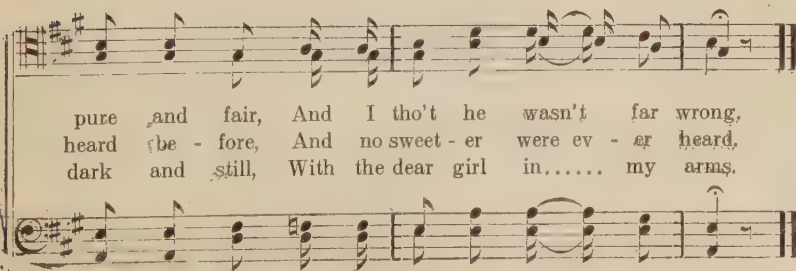
Twang - ing on his light gui - tar,

Pink - y pang. Hum..... ping-pang;



Hum..... ping-pang, 1. He said she was gen - tle and
2. In songs that I nev - er had
Twang-ing on his sweet gui - tar..... 3. I sat in the par - lor so

Hum..... ping-pang,



pure and fair, And I tho't he wasn't far wrong,
heard be - fore, And no sweet - er were ev - er heard,
dark and still, With the dear girl in..... my arms.

33. The Tempest.

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PERKINS.

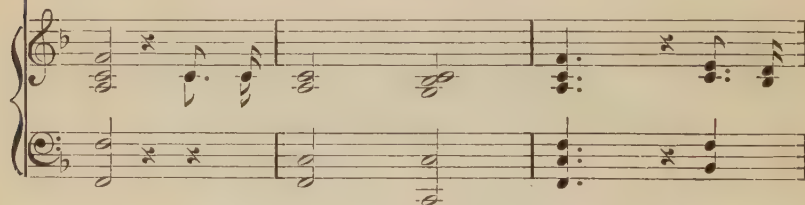
Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



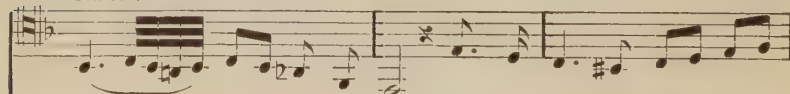
1. We were crowd-ed in the cab-in, Not a soul would dare to
2. So we gath-ered there in si-lence, For the stout-est held his
3. But his lit-tle daugh-ter whis-pered, As she took his i-cy



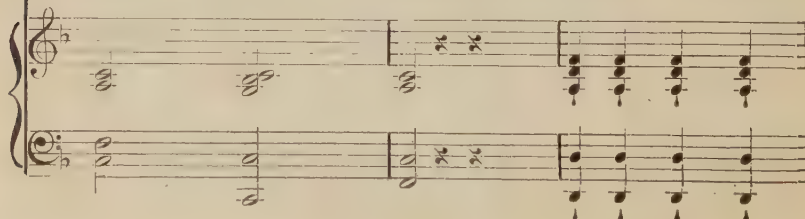
sleep; It was mid- night on the wa- ters, And a
breath, While the an- gry waves were roll- ing, And the
hand, "Is - 'nt God up - on the o - cean, Just the



Ad lib.



storm..... was on the deep, 'Tis a fear-ful thing in
break - - ers talked of death; And as thus we sat - in
same..... as on the land? Then we kissed the lit - tle



The Tempest. Concluded.

win - ter, To be shat - tered by the blast, . . . And to
dark-ness, Each one bus - y in his prayers, "We are
maid - en, And we talked in bet ter cheer, And we

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "win - ter, To be shat - tered by the blast, . . . And to dark-ness, Each one bus - y in his prayers, "We are maid - en, And we talked in bet ter cheer, And we". The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

hear the rat-ting trump-et thun-der "Cut a - way the mast;" And to
lost," the cap-tain shout-ed, As he stag-ger'd down the stairs, "We are
an-chored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear, And we

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics are: "hear the rat-ting trump-et thun-der "Cut a - way the mast;" And to lost," the cap-tain shout-ed, As he stag-ger'd down the stairs, "We are an-chored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear, And we". The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

hear the rat - tling trumpet thun - der, Cut a - way the mast.
lost," the cap - tain shout-ed, As he stag-gered down the stairs.
an - chored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "hear the rat - tling trumpet thun - der, Cut a - way the mast. lost," the cap - tain shout-ed, As he stag-gered down the stairs. an - chored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

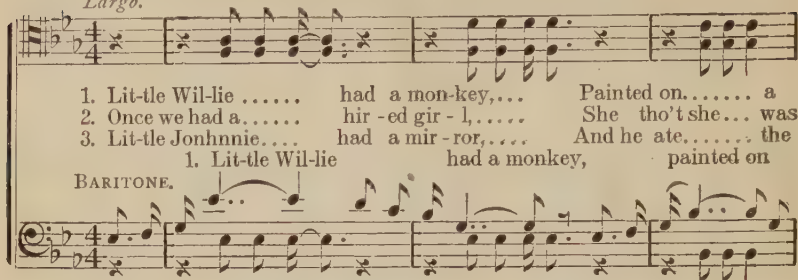
34. Three Obituaries.

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TOM, DICK AND HARRY.

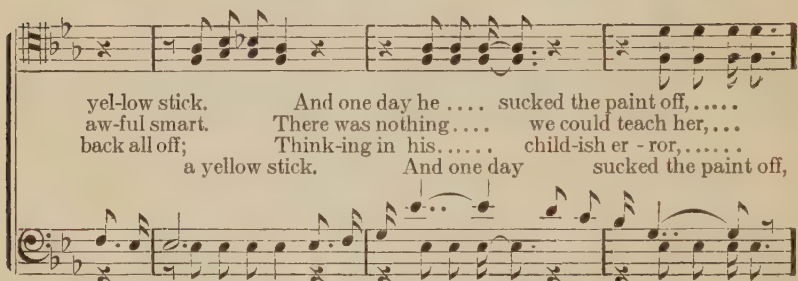
Arr. from Irish Theme.

Largo.



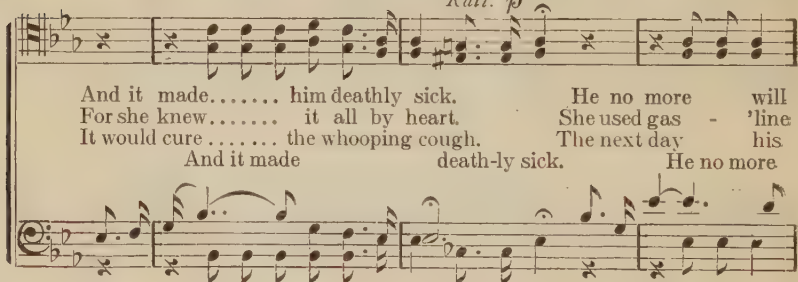
1. Lit-tle Wil-lie had a mon-key,... Painted on..... a
 2. Once we had a..... hir-ed gir-l..... She tho't she... was
 3. Lit-tle Jonhnnie.... had a mir-ror,... And he ate..... the
 1. Lit-tle Wil-lie had a monkey, painted on

BARITONE.

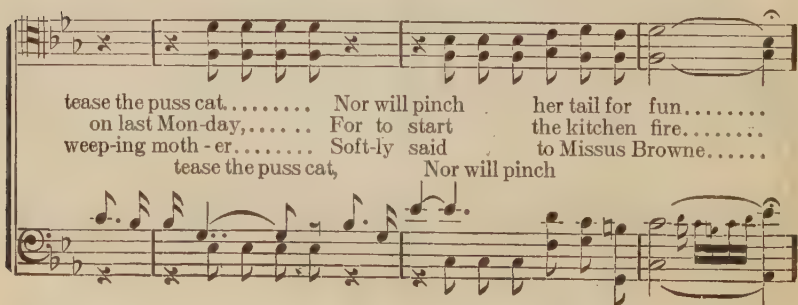


yel-low stick. And one day he sucked the paint off,....
 aw-ful smart. There was nothing.... we could teach her,...
 back all off; Think-ing in his..... child-ish er -ror,.....
 a yellow stick. And one day sucked the paint off,

Rall. p



And it made..... him deathly sick. He no more will
 For she knew..... it all by heart. She used gas - 'line
 It would cure..... the whooping cough. The next day his
 And it made death-ly sick. He no more



tease the puss cat..... Nor will pinch her tail for fun.....
 on last Mon-day,..... For to start the kitchen fire.....
 weep-ing moth-er..... Soft-ly said to Missus Browne.....
 tease the puss cat, Nor will pinch

Three Obituaries. Concluded.

For he's now a..... lit - tle an - gel,..... And poor
 She has now a..... fat po - si - tion,..... Sing - ing
 'Twas a chil - ly..... day for John - nie,..... When the
 For he's now lit - tle an - gel

John - - - - - nie gets his gun. (gets his gun.) *Rall.*
 in..... the heav'nly choir (heav'nly choir).
 Mer - - - - - cu - ry went down.
 And poor Johnnie gets his gun. (gets his gun.) (mer-cu-ry went down.)

35. Good Night, Ladies.

Sostenuto.

1. Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies!
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies!
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies!

Allegro. f

We're go - ing to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a-long, roll a-long,

Rall.

Repeat pp.

roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a-long, o'er the dark blue sea.

36. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

EMMA WILLARD.

J. P. KNIGHT.

Arr. by J. WALTER WILSON.

2nd Tenor.

1st Tenor.

1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep.
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,

1st Tenor.

Se - cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tempest fie - ry breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.

1st Base.

2nd Base.

QUARTET.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In ocean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;

cradle of the deep,

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,

cradle of the deep,

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep. Concluded.

Cadenza, ad libitum.

Rock'd in the cra-dle of..... the cra-dle of the deep.

37. When Jack Proposed.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Words from "LIFE."

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. I meant to be quite self-pos-sessed and cool, When Jack proposed;
2. And yet, in spite of all I tho't to do, When Jack proposed;

And not be-have ex-act-ly like a fool, When Jack proposed;
My plans, so fond-ly cher-ished, ne'er came true When Jack proposed;

Rit.

In-tend-ed to be calm and dig-ni-fied, When Jack proposed;
I sim-ply laid my head up-on his breast, When Jack proposed;

And say to him, "Per-haps I'll be your bride,—If I'M DISPOSED."
And he can tell you all a-bout the rest,— IF HE'S DISPOSED.

38. The Life Lesson.

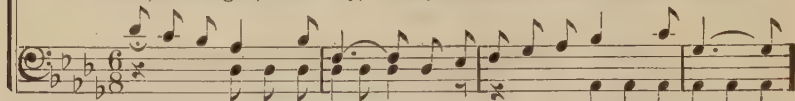
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J. W. RILEY.

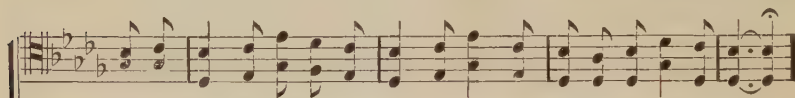
E. P. WILES.



1. There, lit - tle girl, don't cry, They have broken your doll, I know;
2. There, lit - tle girl, don't cry, They have broken your slate, I know;
3. There, lit - tle girl, don't cry, They have broken your heart, I know;



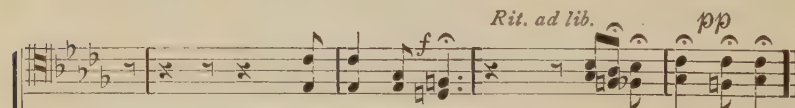
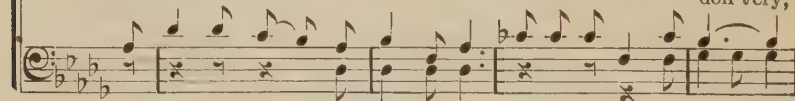
1. There, lit-tle girl, don't cry, taken your doll, I know,



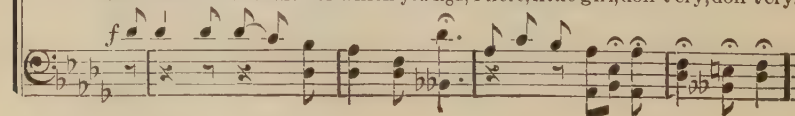
And your teaset blue, and your playhouse, too, Are things of the long a-go.
And the glad, wild ways of your schoolgirl days, Are things of the long a-go.
And the rainbow gleams of your youthful dreams, Are things of the long a-go.



But child-ish troub-les will soon pass by, There, lit-tle girl, don't cry;
But life and love will soon come by, There, lit-tle girl, don't cry;
But heav'n holds all for which you sigh, There, lit-tle girl, don't cry;
don't cry;



But childish troubles will soon pass by, There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry.
But life and love will soon come by, There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry.
But heav'n holds all for which you sigh, There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry.



39. Lucky Jim.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hacklenn.

E. P. WILES.

E. P. WILES.

Hum.....

Hum.....

1. Jim and I as chil-dren played to - geth - er, Best of chums for
 2. Years passed by, still Jim and I were com-rades, Jim and I both
 3. Years passed by, and death took Jim a - way, boys, Left his wid - ow

Hum.....

Hum.....

ma - ny years were we; I, a - las! had no luck—was a “Jo - ner,”
 loved the same sweet maid; She loved him, and mar-ried Him one eve - ning,
 and she mar - ried me; Now we're mar-ried, oft I think of Jim, boys,

Hum.....

Hum.....

CHORUS.

Jim, my chum, was luck - y as could be. O luck - y Jim!
 Jim, my chum, was luck - y as could be. O luck - y Jim!
 Sleep-ing in the churchyard by the sea. O luck - y Jim!

Hum.....

Rit. Ad lib.

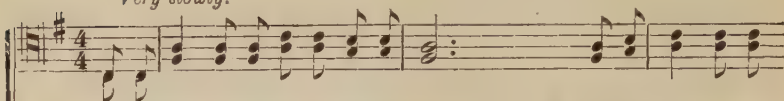
1-2 v. How I en-vied Him! O luck-y Jim! How I en - vied him!
 3 v. How I en - vy Him! O luck-y Jim! How I en - vy him!

40. Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?

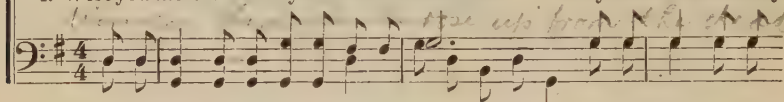
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Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Very slowly.



- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord? | Were you there when they |
| 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? | Were you there when they |
| 3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? | Were you there when they |
| 4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? | Were you there when they |



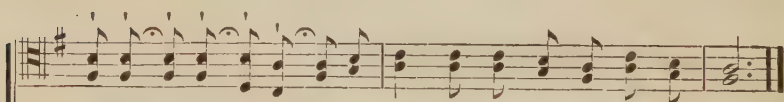
- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. Were you there when they crucified, crucified my Lord? | Were you there when they |
| 2. Were you there when they nailed Him, yes, nailed Him to the cross? | Were you there when they |
| 3. Were you there when they pierced Him, yes, pierced Him in the side? | Were you there when they |
| 4. Were you there when they laid Him, yes, laid Him in the tomb? | Were you there when they |



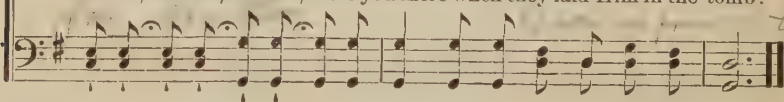
- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| cru-ci-fied my Lord? | Oh, some-times, it causes me to |
| nailed Him to the cross? | Oh, some-times, it causes me to |
| pierced Him in the side? | Oh, some-times, it causes me to |
| laid Him in the tomb? | Oh, some-times, it causes me to |



- | |
|--|
| cru-ci - fied, cru-ci-fied my Lord? |
| nailed Him, yes, nailed Him to the cross? |
| pierced Him, yes, pierced Him in the side? |
| laid Him, yes, laid Him in the tomb? |



- | |
|--|
| tremble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they cruci-fied my Lord? |
| tremble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? |
| tremble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? |
| tremble, tremble, tremble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? |



SACRED.

HACKLEMAN'S MALE QUARTETS.

COMPILED BY

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN,

AUTHOR OF

HACKLEMAN'S CONCERT MALE QUARTETTES.

Price, Single Copies, postpaid, \$0.25.
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MAJESTIC BLDG.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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Hackleman's Male Quartets.

SACRED.

1. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

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Mrs. S. F. ADAMS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

p Andante.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Or . if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my songs shall be—
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be—
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

2. I Shall Be Resting.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Far a-way in realms of glo-ry, Where the pearl-y por-tals shine,
2. Far a-way where is no dy-ing, And no con-flict and no sin;
3. Far a-way from earthly heart-ache And the ills that here are known,



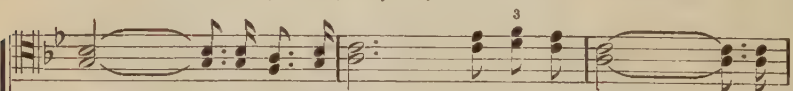
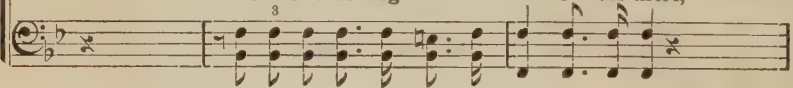
I shall nev-er know a sor-row, I shall rest in love di-vine.
Where there are no tears nor sigh-ing, I shall some-time en-ter in.
I shall help to swell the cho-rus Of the saved a-round the throne.



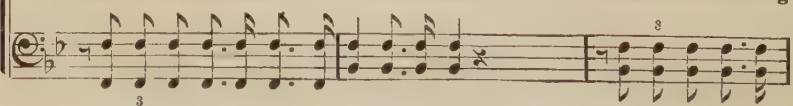
CHORUS, 3



I shall be rest - - - ing o-ver there, Free from all
I shall be rest-ing o-ver there,



sor - - - row and all care, Nev-er-more know - - - ing
Free from all sorrow and all care, Nevermore knowing



grief or pain, Meet-ing with joy..... my loved a - gain.
grief or pain, with joy,

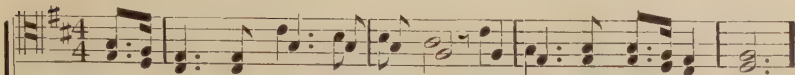


3. Our Savior.

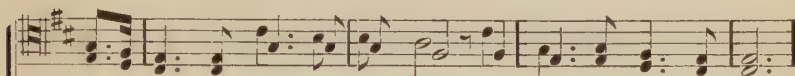
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Mrs. P. R. GIBSON.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



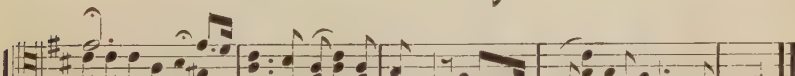
1. Long years a - go a Sav - ior, In Beth - le - hem was born,
2. Oh come and let us wor - ship, And bow be - fore His throne,
3. Oh let us sing the prais - es, That un - to Him be - long,
4. And when our jour - ney's end - ed, — Life's bat - tle fought and won,



Then o'er a world in dark - ness, Broke forth a glo - rious morn;
He is the King of glo - ry, And He must reign a - lone;
Lift up our hearts in rev - erence, Our voic - es in sweet song;
'Tis then we'll hear Him say - ing, "Come home, my child, well done."



He came the world's pure light, To drive a - way the
He came, He came, He came the world's pure light, To drive, to drive, to
Home - less in Gal - i - lee, Thorn - crowned on Cal - va -
To tell this won - drous love, That He who reigns a -
We'll meet Our Sav - ior there, And all His Glo - ry



night, Lift up the poor and fal - len, And give the blind their sight.
drive away the night,

ry, To - day His kingdom glorious, Is o - ver land and sea.
bove, Is still with us to com - fort, Wher - ev - er we may rove.
share, Where there shall be no sor - row, No tears, no pain, no care.



4. Drifting Down.

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up - on the Home-land shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic - es from the Home-land shore faint-er grow as they implore, You are

drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, You are drifting with the tide to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, Soon beyond the harbor bar, will your
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, O, my brother, do not wait! heed them

o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car - ried far, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift - ed down.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

A tempo.

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down, To the
You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drift-ing down,

Ritard.

A tempo.

dark and aw-ful sea, You are drift - ing down, From a loving Father's care,
drift-ing, slowly drifting,

Drifting Down. Concluded.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
drifting down.

5. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon.

JOANNA KINKEL, arr.

Two staves of music in 4/4 time. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, featuring a steady accompaniment of chords.

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press - es, When dark de-spair dis-tress - es,

Two staves of music in 4/4 time, continuing the previous system. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats. The melody continues with quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing harmonic support with chords.

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp - ters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Two staves of music in 3/4 time. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats. The melody features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, featuring a steady accompaniment of chords.

Re-mem-ber me, O Mighty One! Remember me, O Might - y One!

6. The Books Will All Be Opened.

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

TENOR SOLO.

1. You are writ-ing your own book of life, Day by day a rec-ord
2. You are writ-ing down the tho'ts you think, You are writing down the
3. What is writ-ten once can-not be changed, But for-ev-er must re-
4. There is just one way to write it true, Just one way to make your

INSTRUMENT.

foul or fair; When at last your work is done, You must
deeds you do, You are writ-ing ev-'ry word, Wheth-er
main the same, Oh! how great should be your care, That you
rec-ord clear— Pen each sen-tence and each word In the

Ad libitum.

face the judgment throne, Then the books will all be opened o-ver there.
spoken or unheard, And in judgment they will all be bro't to view.
make that record fair, In that book which you are writing in your name.
name of Christ, the Lord, Then your open book you'll nev-er, nev-er fear.

Ad libitum.

The Books Will All Be Opened. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1st TENOR.



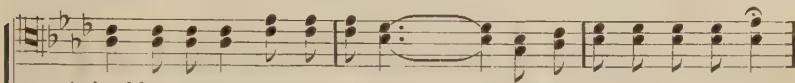
2d TENOR.

Oh, the books will be o-pened, my broth - er,..... You'll be
1st BASS. o-ver there,

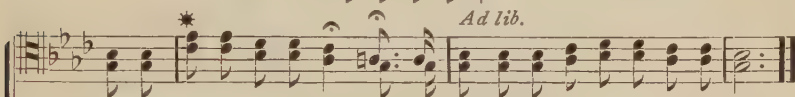
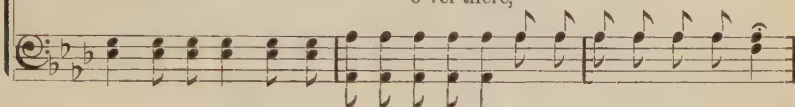
1st BASS.



2d BASS.

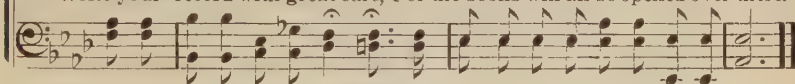


judged by your own, not an-oth - er..... Then, my brother, Oh, be-ware!
o-ver there,



Ad lib.

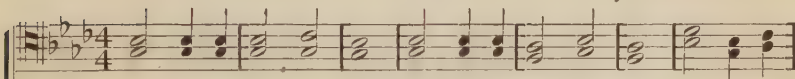
Write your *record with great care, For the books will all be opened over there.



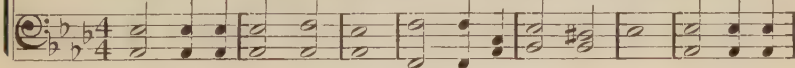
*When used as a Solo throughout, use 2nd Tenor from here, to the close.

7. Guide Us and Guard Us.

Arr. by W. E. M. H.



1. Sav - ior and Lord of all, We lift our hearts to Thee; Guide us and
2. When we are full of grief, Vic-tims of anx - ious care; Oh, then be
3. Bright-en our dark-est hour, 'Till our last mo-ments come; Then in Thy



guard us, Guide us and guard us Wher-e'er our path may be.
near us, Oh, then be near us, Je - sus be ev - er near.
pow - er, Then in Thy pow - er Take us, oh, take us home.



8. The Everlasting Arms.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. The ev - er - last - ing arms are un - der - neath, Then why should we be
2. The ev - er - last - ing arms are un - der - neath, And safe a - mid temp -
3. The ev - er - last - ing arms are un - der - neath, And 'though our way with

o - ver - come by fear? The Lord, our Ref - uge, ev - er will sus - tain, And
ta - tions we may stand; The Lord, the Mighty One, protects and keeps, And
clouds be o - ver - cast; The Lord, our Shepherd, will our comfort be, 'Till

CHORUS

dan - gers can - not harm while He is near.
none can pluck us from the Father's hand. } "The E - ter - nal God is our
safe - ly thro' the shadows we have passed.

ref - uge, The E - ter - nal God is our ref - uge, And

Rit.
un - der - neath, and un - der - neath, Are the ev - er - last - ing arms."

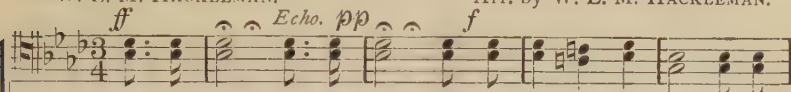
9. Speed Away.

Words and harmony Copyrighted, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

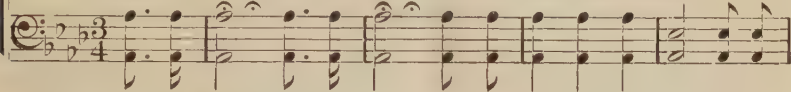
Theme from WOODBURY.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

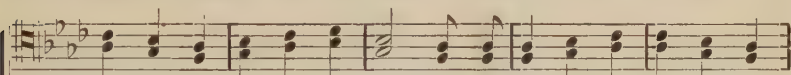
Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



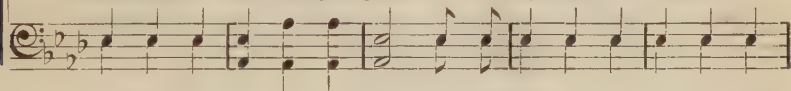
1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Gos - pel of LIGHT To the
2. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Mes - sage of LOVE To the
3. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Word that gives LIFE To the



lands that are wrapped in the dark-ness of night. "Go ye in - to the
souls that know not of the Fa - ther a - bove, Who so lov'd this dark
na - tions in which Sa-tan's king-dom is rife, For the Word if be-



world!" 'tis the Sav-ior's com-mand, That the light of the Gos - pel shine
world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood shed on Calv'ry re-
lieved and o-beyed will give peace, To the cap-tives of Sa - tan it



o'er ev - 'ry land. Then, go forth in His name, and the
demp-tion was won. Let us haste while 'tis day, not a
will bring re - lease.— To the res - cue make haste, there is



Gos - pel pro-claim, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way.
mo-ment de - lay, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
no time to waste, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!



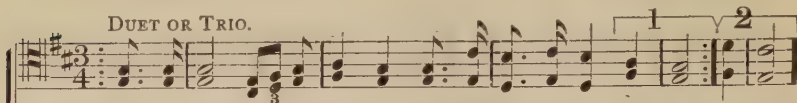
10. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET OR TRIO.



1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;



QUARTET.



Tho' they be red (tho' they be red) like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great (He is of great) com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to Me (look un - to Me), ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord, your God!

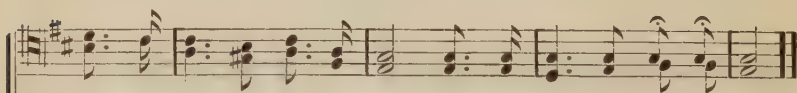


TRIO.

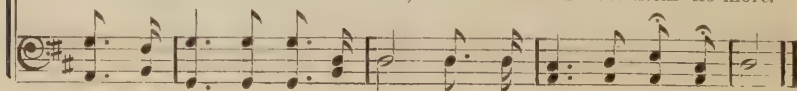
QUARTET.



"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you;
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

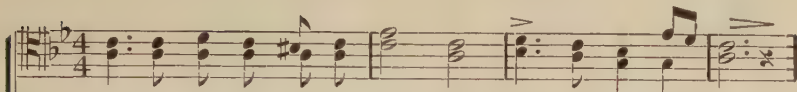


11. O Thou Blessed Savior.

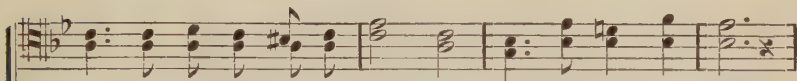
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F. S. S.

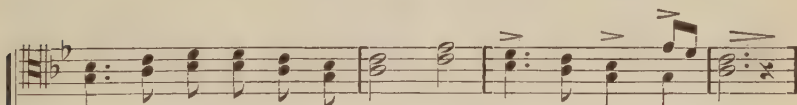
F. S. SHEPARD.



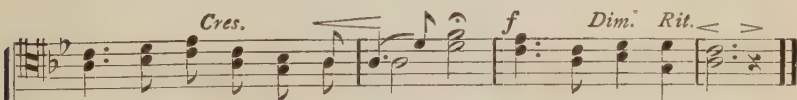
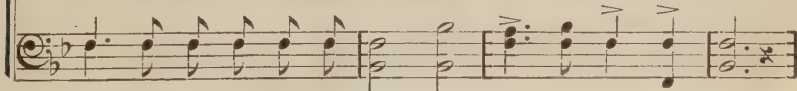
1. O Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, hear me, Hear me now, I pray,
2. O Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, hear me, Hear me now, I pray,
3. O Thou bless-ed Sav-ior, hear me, Hear me now, I pray,



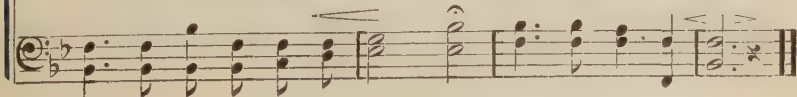
Save me from my sin and vile - ness, Take my guilt a - way.
Give me strength and grace to serve Thee Faith - ful - ly each day.
Guide me safe - ly on life's jour - ney, Keep me lest I stray.



Of my-self I am un - worth - y, Cleanse my sin - ful heart;
I have fre-quent-ly neg - lect - ed Things I should have done;
Oft - en have my foot-steps wan - dered In - to paths of sin;



I would fain be pure and ho - ly, Make me as Thou art.
Save me from my faults and weak - ness, Thou Al-might - y One.
By Thy gra-cious love con-strain me, Reign my heart with - in.

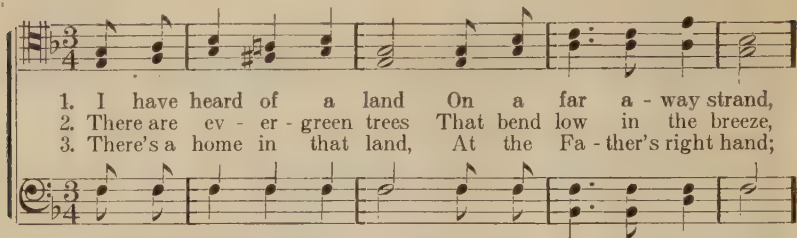


12. That Beautiful Land.

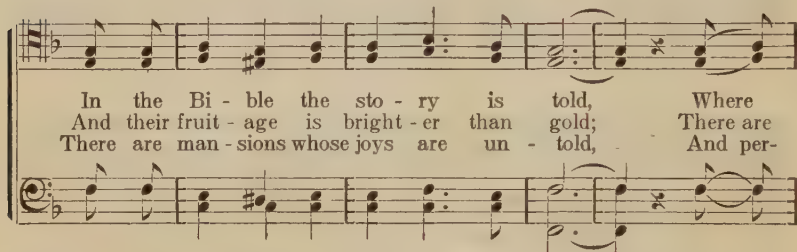
Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

F. A. F. WHITE.

MARK M. JONES, Arr.



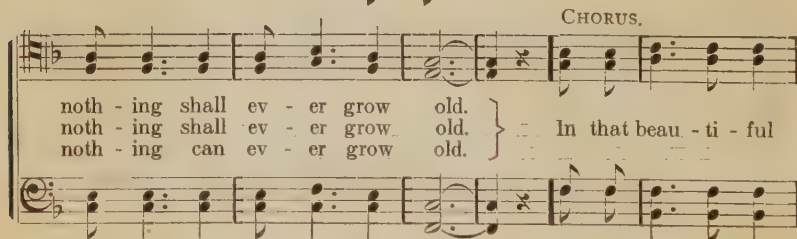
1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand,
 2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze,
 3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand;



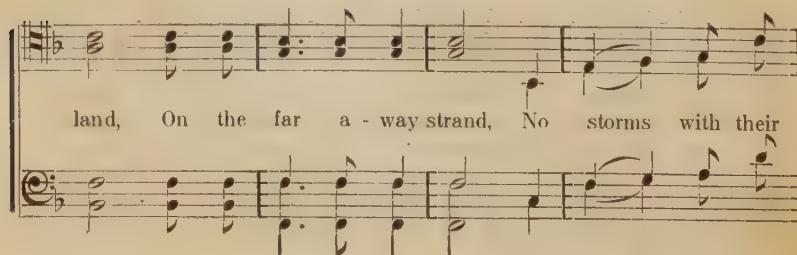
In the Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where
 And their fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are
 There are man - sions whose joys are un - told, And per -



cares nev - er come, Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And
 harps for our hands, In that fair - est of lands, And
 en - ni - al spring, Where the birds ev - er sing, And

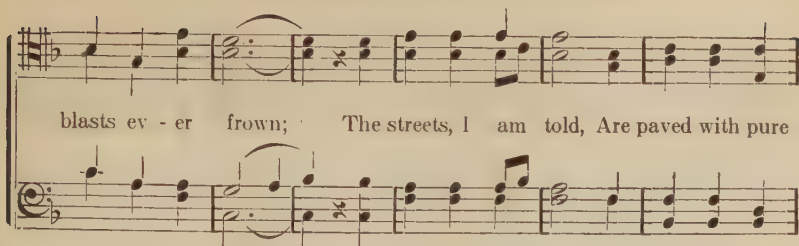


CHORUS.
 noth - ing shall ev - er grow old.
 noth - ing shall ev - er grow old. } In that beau - ti - ful
 noth - ing can ev - er grow old.

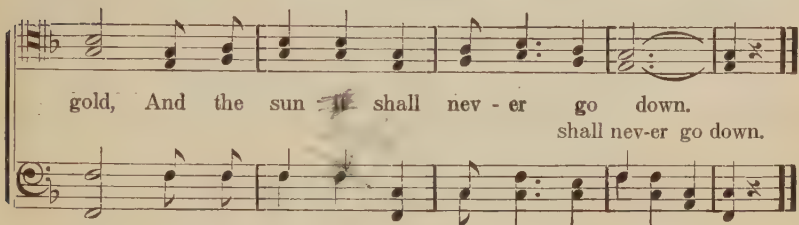


land, On the far a - way strand, No storms with their

That Beautiful Land. Concluded.



blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, Are paved with pure



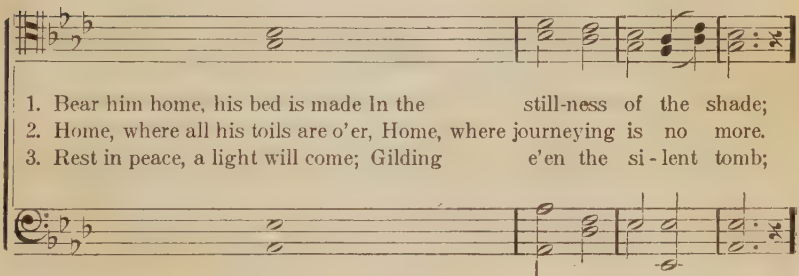
gold, And the sun shall nev - er go down.
shall nev - er go down.

13. Bear Him Home.

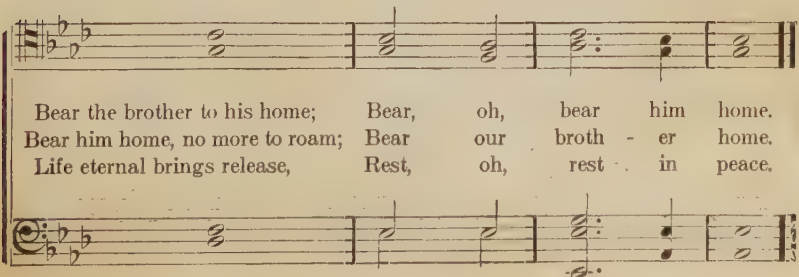
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Arr.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. Bear him home, his bed is made In the still-ness of the shade;
2. Home, where all his toils are o'er, Home, where journeying is no more.
3. Rest in peace, a light will come; Gilding e'en the si-lent tomb;



Bear the brother to his home; Bear, oh, bear him home.
Bear him home, no more to roam; Bear our broth - er home.
Life eternal brings release, Rest, oh, rest in peace.

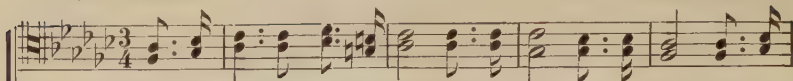
14. Save the Boys!

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

MALE QUARTET.

A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. From the snares that pleasures hide, Save the boys! Save the boys! Dangers
2. Men of valor, pledg'd for right, Save the boys! Save the boys! Help the
3. Church of Christ, your arms extend, Save the boys! Save the boys! And the
4. Christ and church, with home unite, Save the boys! Save the boys! Gloom dis-



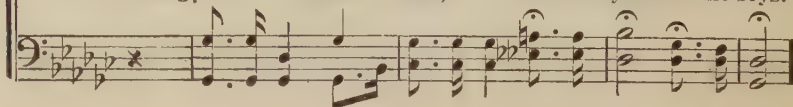
rife, their ways be - tide, Save the boys! Save the boys! This the
boys to win their fight, Save the boys! Save the boys! As you
"com - ing men" de - fend; Save the boys! Save the boys! Set your
pel and spread the light; Save the boys! Save the boys! Reach-ing



cry heard ev - 'ry-where, This the moth - er's ear-nest pray'r,
would not fight in vain, As you love your fam-'ly name,
por - tals o - pen wide, Gath - er all your boys in - side,
forth a friend - ly hand, Sol - id pha - lanx may these stand,



Help the boys while pure and fair, — Save the boys! Save the boys!
Keep your boys from sin and shame: — Save the boys! Save the boys!
With no good to them de - nied; — Save the boys! Save the boys!
Driv - ing e - vil from our land; — Save the boys! Save the boys!



Save the Boys. Concluded.

CHORUS

Save the boys! Save the boys! From the Tempter's hidden snares,
Save the boys! Save the boys!

Save for Christ, His Church and Home, Save the boys! Save the boys!

15. Now the Day is Over.

May be sung in F.

S. BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

Shad - ows of the ev'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

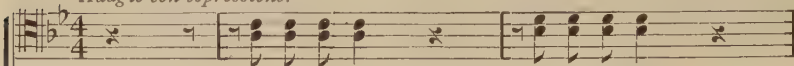
16. "Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be!"

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

JOSEPH GRIGGS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

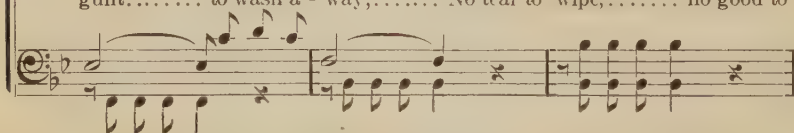
Adagio con espressione.



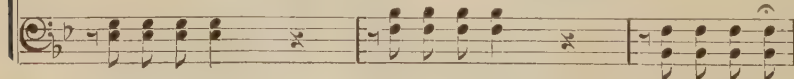
1. Je-sus, and shall..... 'it ev-er be,..... A mor-tal
Jesus, and shall it ev-er be,
2. Ashamed of Thee..... O, just as soon..... Let mid-night
3. Ashamed of Thee!..... Yes, then I may,..... When I've no



man..... ashamed of Thee?.... Ashamed of Thee..... whom angels
A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee
be..... ashamed of noon;..... 'Tis midnight with..... my soul till
guilt..... to wash a - way;..... No tear to wipe,..... no good to



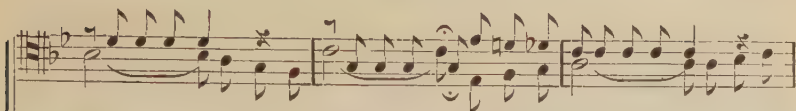
praise..... Whose glo-ry shines..... thro' end-less days?.....
whom an-gels praise, Whose glory shines thro' endless days?
He..... Bright Morning Star,..... bids darkness flee.....
crave..... No fears to quell,..... no soul to save.....



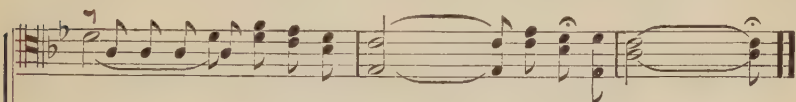
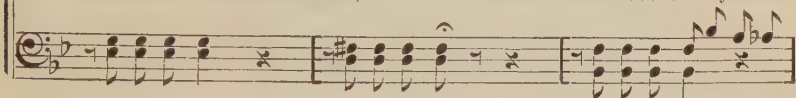
Ashamed of Thee,..... O soon-er far..... Let ev-'ning
Ashamed of Thee, O, soon-er far
Ashamed of Thee,..... that dear-est Friend..... On whom my
Ashamed of Thee!..... 'twill nev-er be..... My hopes of



“Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be!” Concluded.



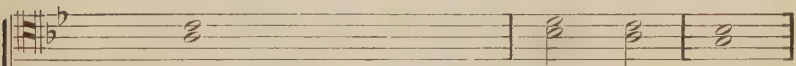
blush..... to own a star;..... He sheds the beams..... of light di-
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams
 hopes..... of heav'n depend!..... No; when I blush,..... be this my
 heav'n..... are all in Thee,..... And when I come..... Thy face to



vine..... O'er this poor, bruised,..... sad soul of mine.....
 of light di-vine O'er this poor bruised, sad soul of mine.
 shame,..... That I no more..... re-vere His name.....
 see,..... O, then, be not..... ashamed of me.....



17. The Lord's Prayer.



Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
 Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,



Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that tres-pass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glory, for ever and ever a - men.



18. Oh, Cling to the Savior, My Boy.*

Copyright, 1895, by The Thompson Music Co. By per.

Mrs. P. R. GIBSON.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con espressione.

1. You're start-ing, my boy, on the jour-ney of life, You'll find it a
 2. When dark clouds of sor-row hang o-ver your way, When care and af-
 3. The Friend you most need is one who can keep, And whose watch-ful
 4. 'Tis this Friend a-lone who is a-ble to save And pi-lot you
 5. And when in the man-sions of glo-ry at last, The pain and the

path-way of per-il and strife, With pleasures that lure, and with
 flic-tion have burden'd the day, Re-mem-ber that He will be
 eyes nev-er wea-ry with sleep, Oh, He is that Friend who climb'd
 safe-ly a-cross the dark wave And light with His pres-ence the
 strife, and sor-row all past, 'Tis then you'll re-joice that you

pit-falls 'tis rife,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 with you al-way,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 Cal-va-ry's steep,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 gloom of the grave,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 clung to Him fast,—Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy..
 8 8

*May be used as a Solo throughout by using 2nd Tenor.

Oh, Cling to the Savior, My Boy. Concluded.

Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy,..... Oh, cling to
Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy,

the Sav-ior, my boy..... { Wher - ev - er you go, and what-
When a-way from your home and wher-
For a friend in your need, is a
Oh, re-mem-ber He came your lost
Oh ac-cept Him to-night! nev-er

Oh, cling to the Savior, my boy,

ev - er you do, } Oh, cling to the Sav-ior, my boy,.....
ey-er you roam, } the Savior, my boy.
true friend indeed,
soul to reclaim,
give up the fight!

19. The Last Song.

Arr.

G.

1. The winds are hushed; the peaceful moon Looks down on Zi - on's hill;
2. How soft, how ho - ly is the light! But hark! a sweet, low song,
3. 'Tis Je - sus and His faith-ful few That soul-deep hymn who pour;

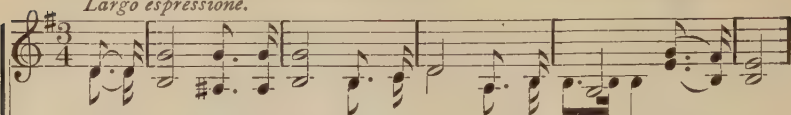
The cit - y sleeps, 'tis night's calm noon And all the streets are still.
As gen - tle as the dew's of night Floats on the air a - long.
O Christ! may we the song re-new, And learn to love Thee more.

20. Going Down to the Grave.

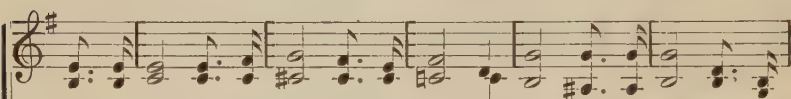
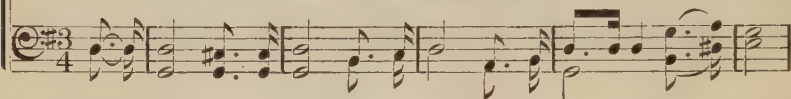
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BASS SOLO. *Use upper notes treble clef.*
Largo espressione.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



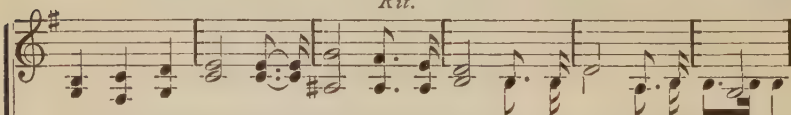
1. Go-ing down to thy grave with no hope in thy heart, That thy God
2. Go-ing down to the grave in the black-ness of night, No star-
3. No God and no hope, where, oh, where is thy stay? Thy Sav-
4. Thine hours of gay pleas-ure ere long will be o'er, A dark



will re-ceive thee all guilt as thou art; Life's sunshine extinguished with
beam of love from the Fa-ther of light; No Sav-ior's sweet pres-ence and
ior long plead-ing turns not yet a-way; His sad eye will pit-y, His
gulf a-waits thee, its mad wa-ters roar; Too late thou will call on the



Rit.



fal-ter-ing tread, In dark-ness and doubt go-ing down to the dead.
prom-ise to save; A stran-ger to God go-ing down to the grave.
strong arm will save, Why then in thine own strength go down to the grave.
Might-y to save, When thy pray'r shall be lost in e-ter-ni-ty's grave.



QUARTET.



Oh, turn to thy God, Who dwell-eth on high, Come trust-ing His



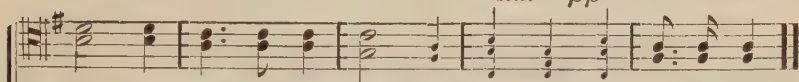
Going Down to the Grave. Concluded.



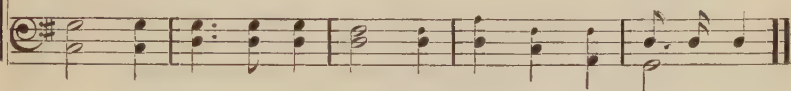
word, And thou shalt not die; Oh, turn to thy God who dwell-eth on



Rit. pp

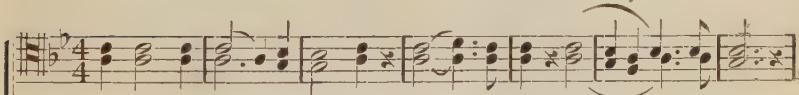


high, Come trust - ing His word And thou shalt not die.
shalt not die.

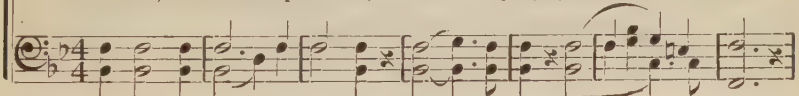


21. Hear Our Prayer.

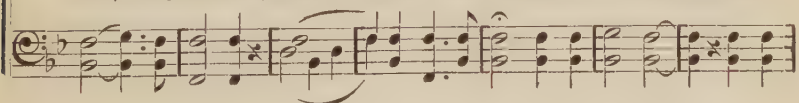
Arr. from GOUNOD, by W. E. M. H.



Fa-ther, look down up-on us; Hear our pray'r, Hear... our pray'r;



We, Thy children, come... before Thy throne; Let Thy mercy be up-



on us... ev - er-more. A - - men and A - men.



22. He Has Led Us.

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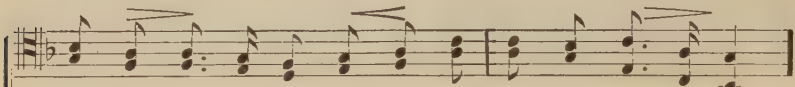
HELEN DUNGAN.

J. M. DUNGAN.

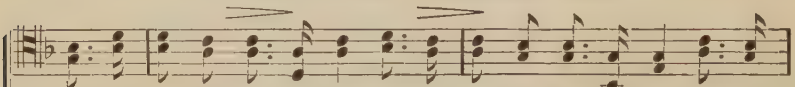
♩ DUET.



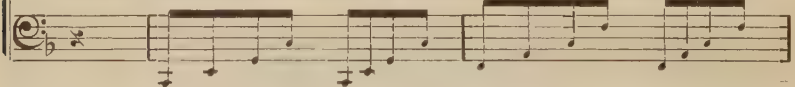
1. Thro' the dark ness of the night, and thro' morning's cheery light, Has our
2. For Thy ten - der lov - ing care, for de-liv'-rance from each snare, For the
3. May we love Thee more and more, till we reach the oth-er shore, Where we'll



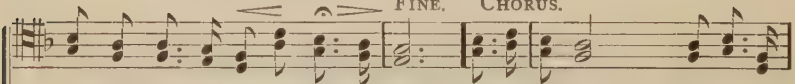
Fa - ther walked be - side us, and has led us by the hand;
strength that Thou hast giv'n when shad - ows dark o'er-whelmed our way;
join in hap - py songs of praise with dear ones gone be - fore;



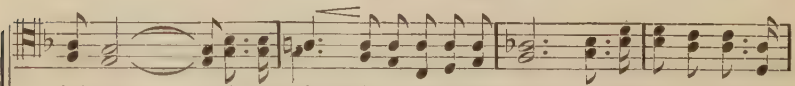
For His prom - is - es are sure and for - ev - er must en-dure, And His
We would sing our lov ing praise all the rem - nant of our days, Close to
When thro' end-less days and years we will shed no part - ing tears, But will



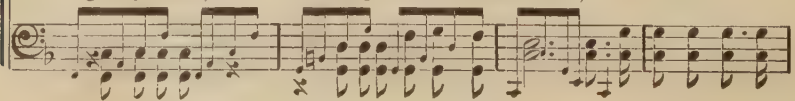
FINE. CHORUS.



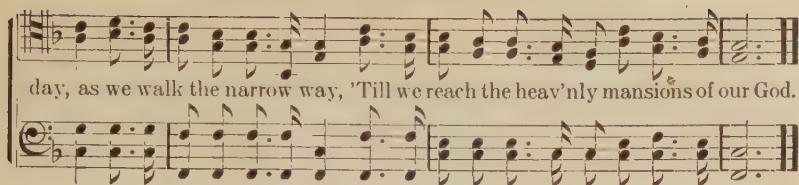
bless-ed truth for-ev - er-more will stand. } He has led us, so gen-tly
Thee our bless - ed Sav-ior we would stay. } He has led us,
serve with joy and glad-ness ev - er - more. }



led us, All along the path our feet have trod; And we trust Him day by
gently led us, All the path our feet have trod;



He Has Led Us. Concluded.

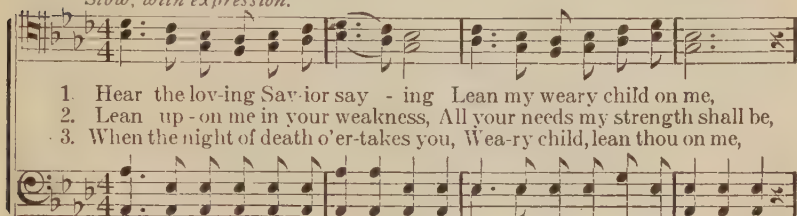


23. Lean Upon the Savior.

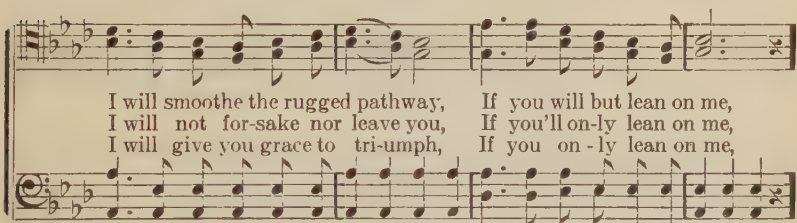
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow, with expression.

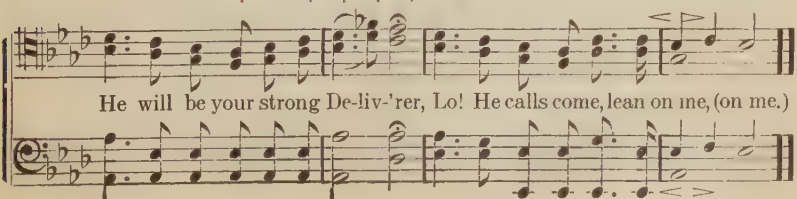
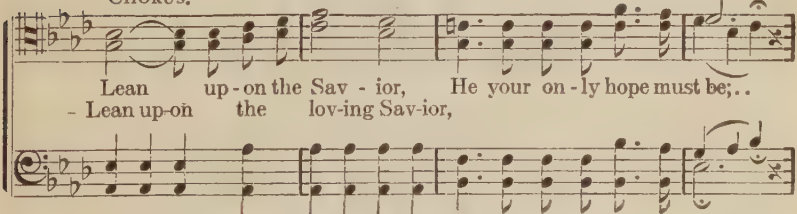


say-ing, on me,
weakness, shall be,
o'er-takes you, on me,



path-way, on me,
leave you, on me,
tri-umph, on me.

CHORUS.



24. Going Down the Valley.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

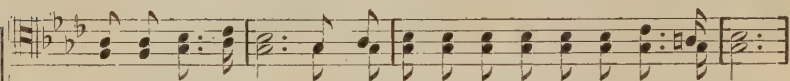
JESSIE B. POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

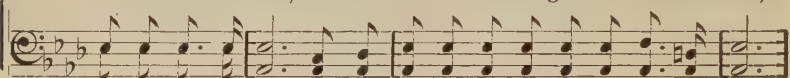
With feeling.



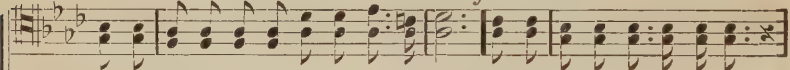
1. We are go-ing down the valley one by one, With our fa - ces toward the
2. We are go-ing down the valley one by one, When the la - bors of the
3. We are go-ing down the valley one by one, Hu-man comrade you or



set-ting of the sun;—Down the valley where the mournful cypress grows,
wea-ry days are done; One by one the cares of earth for-ev - er past,
I will there have none, But a ten-der Hand will guide us lest we fall,



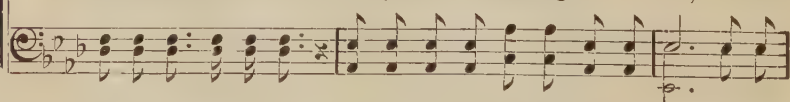
mf CHORUS.



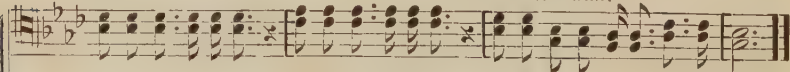
Where the stream of Death in silence onward flows,
We shall stand up-on the riv-er bank at last. } We are go-ing down the valley,
Christ is go-ing down the val-ley with us all. }



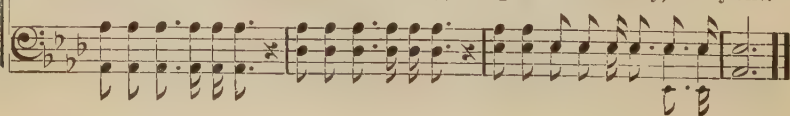
going down the val-ley, Go-ing t'ward the set-ting of the sun; We are



Rit e dim.



going down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley, one by one.



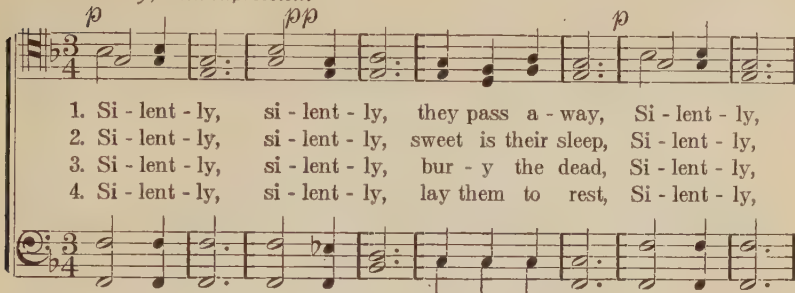
25. Silently Bury the Dead.

By permission of Mrs. C. E. Leslie. From "Memorial Offerings."

C. E. LESLIE.

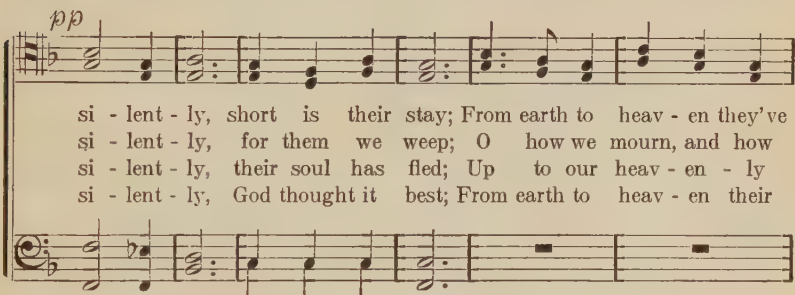
Slowly, with expression.

p *pp* *p*



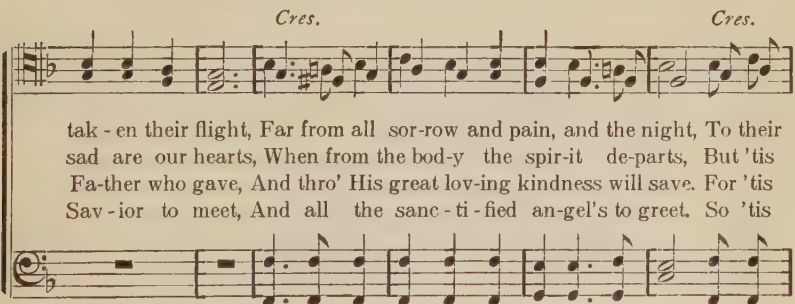
1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, they pass a - way, Si - lent - ly,
 2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, sweet is their sleep, Si - lent - ly,
 3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, bur - y the dead, Si - lent - ly,
 4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, lay them to rest, Si - lent - ly,

pp



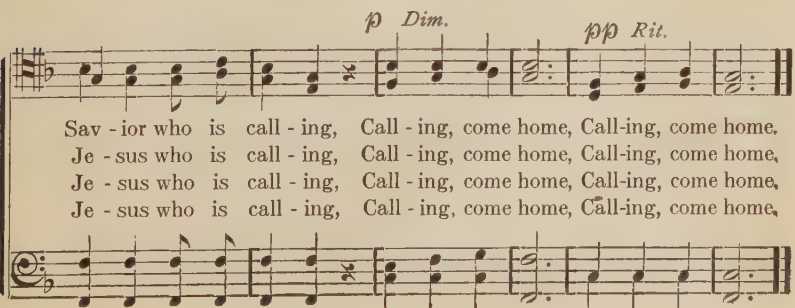
si - lent - ly, short is their stay; From earth to heav - en they've
 si - lent - ly, for them we weep; O how we mourn, and how
 si - lent - ly, their soul has fled; Up to our heav - en - ly
 si - lent - ly, God thought it best; From earth to heav - en their

Cres. *Cres.*



tak - en their flight, Far from all sor-row and pain, and the night, To their
 sad are our hearts, When from the bod-y the spir-it de-parts, But 'tis
 Fa-ther who gave, And thro' His great lov-ing kindness will save. For 'tis
 Sav-ior to meet, And all the sanc-ti-fied an-gel's to greet. So 'tis

p Dim. *pp Rit.*



Sav - ior who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home,
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home,
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call-ing, come home,

26. A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy.*

Arrangement Copyrighted, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

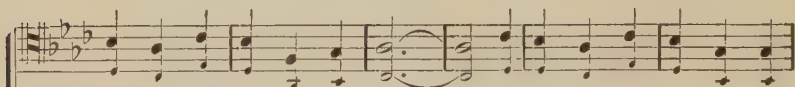
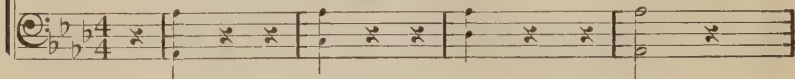
HOLMES.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

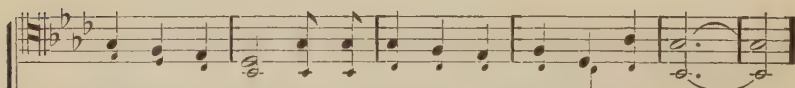
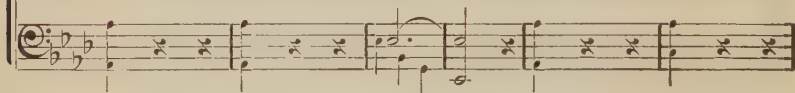
TENOR SOLO.



1. A moth - er was bid - ding good - bye to her boy, He was
2. The years glided by and he wan - dered a - far, Oft - en
3. My boy, when you've left your dear par - ents at home And



go - ing to leave her that morn; 'Twas hard to de - part from the
like a lone ex - ile he'd roam. In mo - ments of sor - row, his
in - to the world you have gone, You'll find that temp - ta - tions are



one that he loved, and the hum - ble cot where he was born.
heart would be cheered, when he tho't of his moth - er at home.
on ev - 'ry hand, and you can - not re - sist them a - lone.

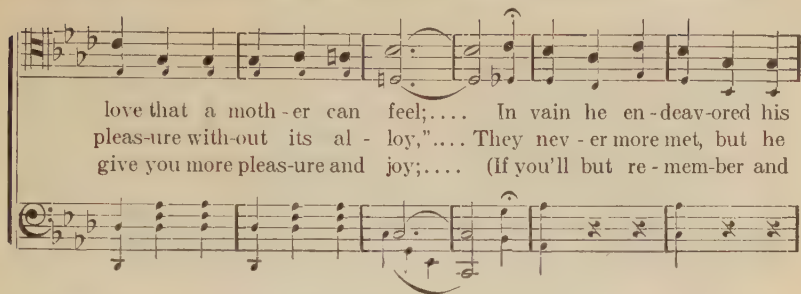


He treas - ured the part - ing ad - vice that she gave, With a
She al - ways said, "Boy, nev - er yield to de - spair, There's no
There's noth - ing will help you temp - ta - tions to meet, And

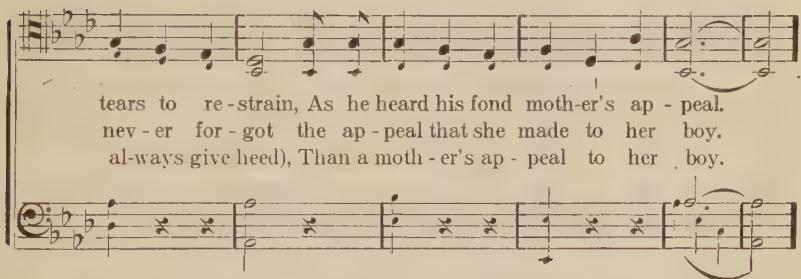


*Last stanza by W. E. M. Hackleman,

A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy. Concluded.

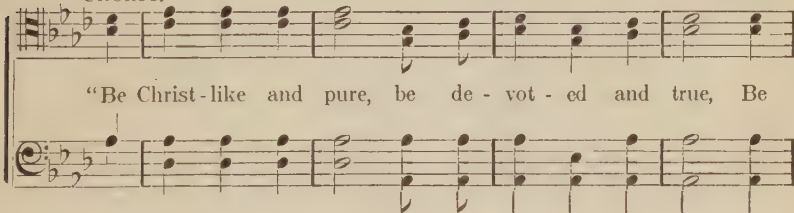


love that a moth-er can feel;.... In vain he en-deav-ored his
pleas-ure with-out its al-loy,".... They nev-er more met, but he
give you more pleas-ure and joy;.... (If you'll but re-mem-ber and

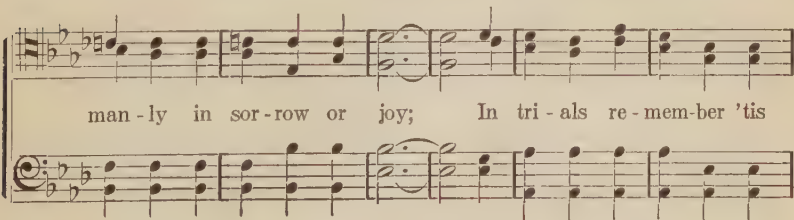


tears to re-strain, As he heard his fond moth-er's ap-peal.
nev-er for-got the ap-peal that she made to her boy.
al-ways give heed), Than a moth-er's ap-peal to her boy.

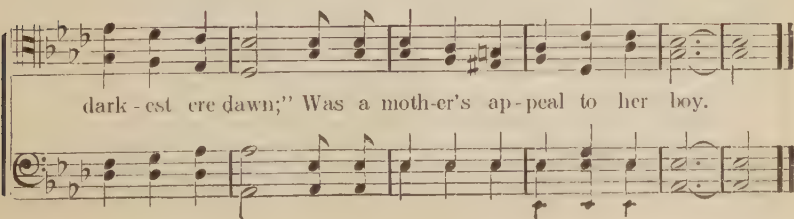
CHORUS.



"Be Christ-like and pure, be de-vot-ed and true, Be



man-ly in sor-row or joy; In tri-als re-mem-ber 'tis



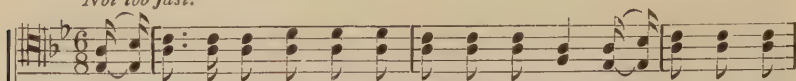
dark-est ere dawn;" Was a moth-er's ap-peal to her boy.

27. How Happy the Child of a King.

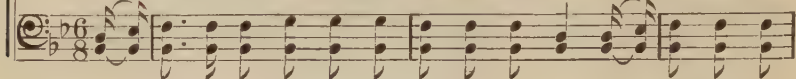
H. P. PIPER.

A. F. MYERS.

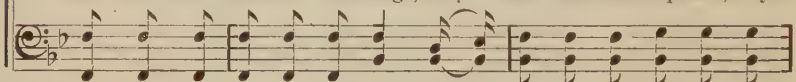
Not too fast.



1. 'Tis a beau - ti - ful morn - ing o'er hill - top and plain, While au - tumn in
2. These bright au - tumn flowers, o'er land - scapes so broad, 'Tis mute flor - al
3. Ripe fruits from the or - chard, rich grapes from the vine, The fields and the
4. When I think of the love of the Father which brings, To my path - way of



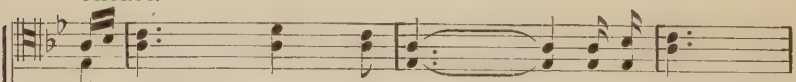
rich - ness as - sumes her mild reign, And I think, as the beau - ties of
wor - ship sing prais - es to God, While the brown - tint - ed for - ests speak
flow - ers in beau - ty com - bine, With the song birds' sweet car - ol so
life with such beau - ti - ful things, My soul fills with rap - ture, my



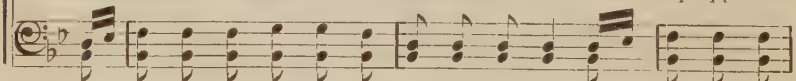
na - ture I see, "How hap - py a child of a King ought to be!"
vol - umes to me— How rest - ful a child of a King ought to be!
full and so free— How trust - ful a child of a King ought to be!
trib - ute I bring, Of love from the heart of a child of a King.



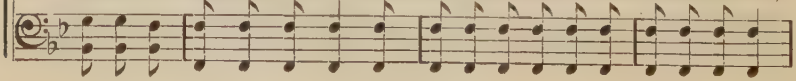
CHORUS.



How hap - py a child..... of a King
How hap - py the child of a King ought to be! How hap - py the



ought to be,..... Where beau - ty a - bounds.....
child of a King ought to be, Where beau - ty a bounds in the for est and lea,



How Happy the Child of a King. Concluded.

in the for - est and lea!..... How hap - py a
Where beau - ty abounds in the for-est and lea! How happy the child of a
child..... of a King ought to be!..... How
King ought to be! How hap - py the child of a King ought to be!

Rit. Ad lib.

hap-py!... How hap-py!.. This earth is the Lord's and His children are we!
How hap-py! How hap-py!

28. Prince of Peace.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Prince of peace, con trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, Opened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
4. Sav - ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou, my Life, my God, my All.

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask - but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubt-ings from my heart - Now Thy per - fect peace im-part.
Let Thy hap - py sei - vant be, One for - ev - er - more with Thee.

29. Lead and Keep Me.

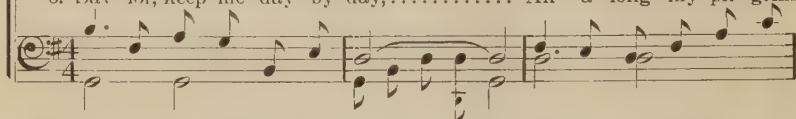
Copyright, 1900, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

HARRIET E. JONES.

H. A. HENRY.



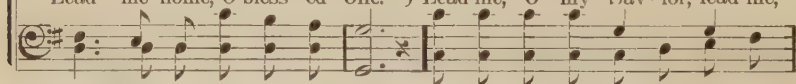
1. Lov-ing Sav-ior, lead Thou me,..... Lest I wan-der far from
Lov-ing Savior, lead Thou me; Lest I
2. Oh, Thou ref-uge of my soul,..... Hold me in di-vine con-
3. Sav-ior, keep me day by day,..... All a-long my pil-grim



Thee..... I am safe when in Thy care,.....
wan-der far from Thee, I am safe when in Thy care,
trol;..... What-so-ev-er may be-tide,.....
way;..... When my earth-ly work is done,.....



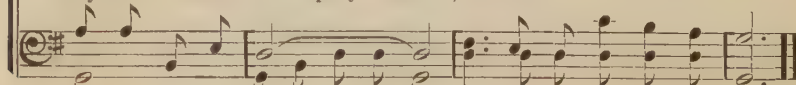
Thou wilt keep from ev-'ry snare. } Lead me,
Lead and keep me by Thy side. }
Lead me home, O bless-ed One. } Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me,



lead me, Sav-ior, lead me all the way,..... This my
nev-er let me stray. lead me, This



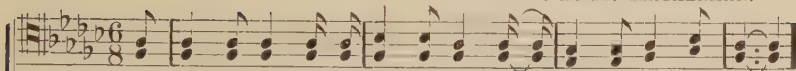
con-stant pray'r shall be,..... Sav-ior, lead me home to Thee.
my con-stant pray'r shall be,



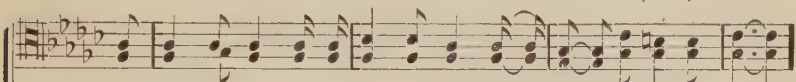
30. Two Lives.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

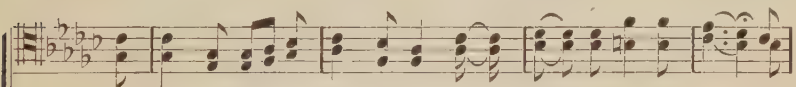
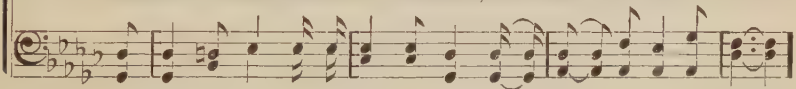
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



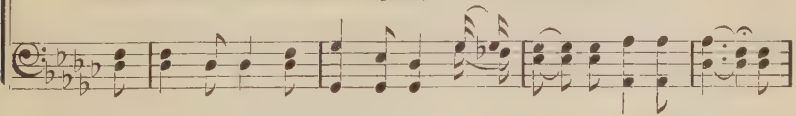
1. Two babes were born in the self-same town, On the ver - y self-same day;
2. Two children played in the self-same town, And the children both were fair;
3. Two maidens wrought in the self-same town, And one was wedded and loved;
4. Two women lay dead in the self-same town, And one had ten - der care;
5. But, Je - sus who died for rich and poor, In won - d'rous ho - ly love,



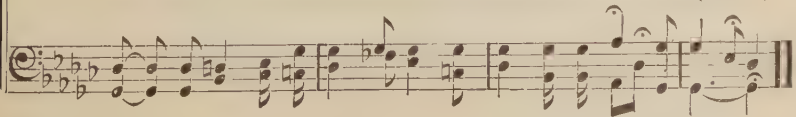
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms, In the ver - y self-same way.
 But one had curls brushed smooth around, And one had tan - gled hair.
 The oth - er saw thro' the curtains' part The world where her sister moved.
 The oth - er was left to die a - lone On her pallet so thin and bare.
 Took both the wo - men in His arms, And car - ried them a - bove.



They both seemed pure and in - no - cent As fall - ing flakes of snow, But
 The chil - dren both grew up a - pace, As oth - er chil - dren grow, But
 And one was a smil - ing, hap - py bride; The oth - er knew care and woe; For
 The one had many to mourn her loss, For the other few tears would flow; For
 Then all the diff - rence vanished quite, For in heaven none would know Which



one of them lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one of them lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one of them lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one had lived in the terraced house, And one in the street be - low.
 one had lived in the terraced house, Which one in the street below.
 (below.)

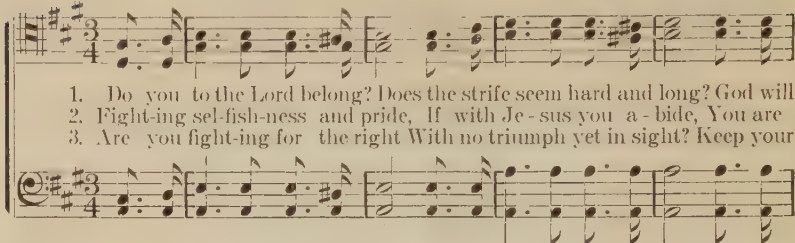


31. God Will Help You Win.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

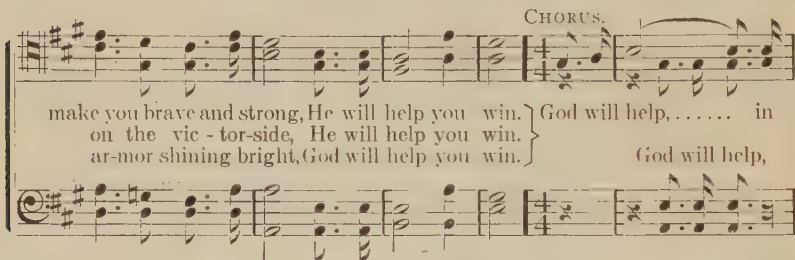
GERTRUDE ELIZABETH FORD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

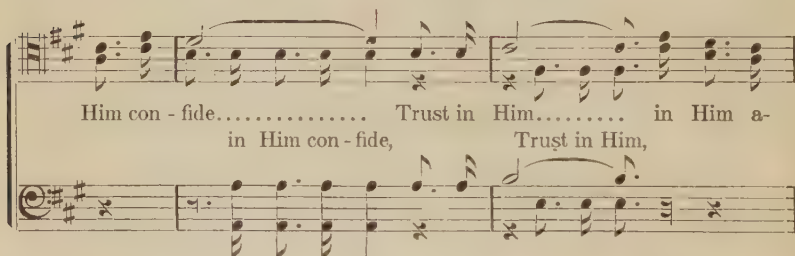


1. Do you to the Lord belong? Does the strife seem hard and long? God will
 2. Fight-ing sel-fish-ness and pride, If with Je-sus you a-bide, You are
 3. Are you fight-ing for the right With no triumph yet in sight? Keep your

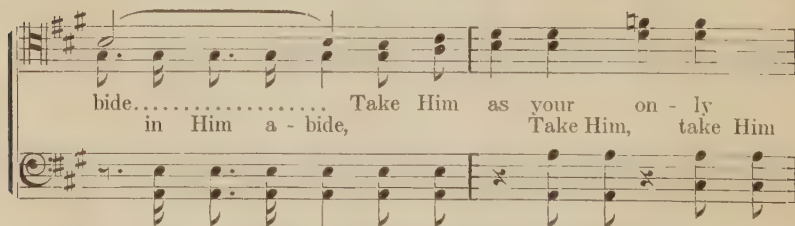
CHORUS.



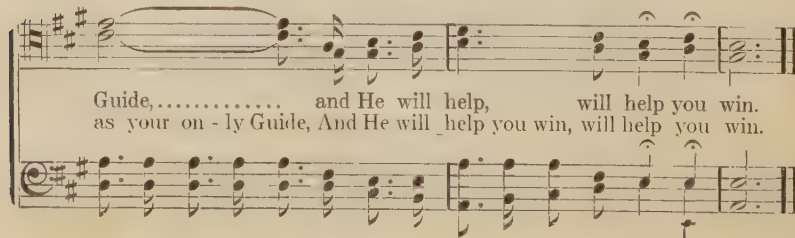
make you brave and strong, He will help you win. } God will help, in
 on the vic-tor-side, He will help you win. }
 ar-mor shining bright, God will help you win. } God will help,



Him con-fide..... Trust in Him..... in Him a-
 in Him con-fide, Trust in Him,



bide..... Take Him as your on-ly
 in Him a-bide, Take Him, take Him



Guide,..... and He will help, will help you win.
 as your on-ly Guide, And He will help you win, will help you win.

32. Waiting For the Summons.

Copyright, 1901, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am wait - ing the sum - mons from on high, That shall
2. With the lov'd and the lost I'll meet a - gain, Nev - er
3. Not a pain or a sor - row o - ver there, Not a

o - ver there,

bid me to my rest en - ter in; I shall fin - ish with sor - row, by and
more to hear the sad word "good bye," There to wor - ship the Lamb for sinners
cloud to hide the bright - ness of day. Not a tho't of to - mor - row, not a

by, An e - ter - ni - ty of praise to be - gin. With the saints immortal
slain, Where the winds of dis - con - tent nev - er sigh. Ev' - ry day the joy is
care. For the things of earth have all passed away. Nearer to the shore I'm
over there.

dwelling, In a joy be - yond all tell - ing, I will shout, the cho - rus swelling,
near - er, Ev' - ry day the hope is dear - er, Ev' - ry day the song is clear - er,
drift - ing, For the clouds a - bove me, rift ing, Show the arms di - vine up - lift - ing,

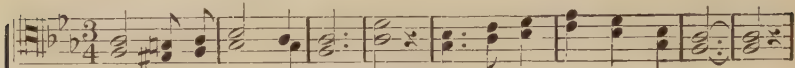
Safe at home, safe at home, for - ev - er, for - ev - er.
at home, at home,

33. For Me.

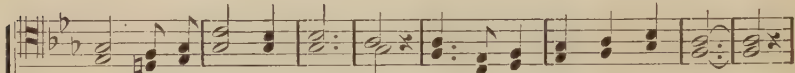
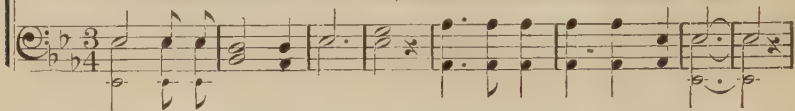
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CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

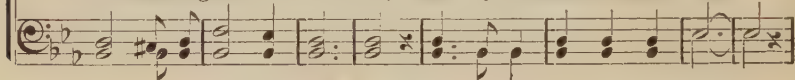
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



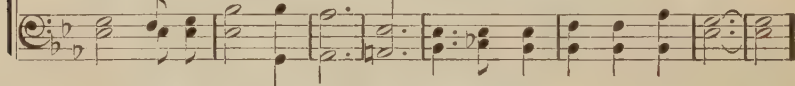
1. Oh, is it true, my Sav - ior, Didst Thou my sac - ri - fice be?
2. Was it for me, un - worth - y, Ev - en to look up - on Thee,
3. Won - der - ful love of Je - sus, Bound - less and broad as the sea;



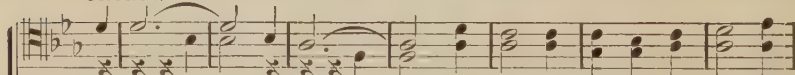
- Buf - fet - ed, scorned, re - ject - ed, Nailed up - on Cal - va - ry's tree,
 Ev - en Thy name to whis - per, Ev - en Thy ha - lo to see,
 Won - der - ful grace of Je - sus, Mer - cy a - bun - dant and free;



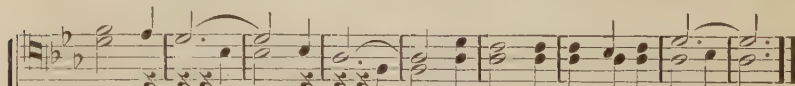
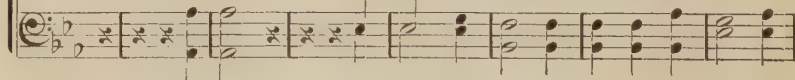
- Didst Thou in shame and sor - row, Die for a sin - ner like me?
 Thou didst a - rise tri - umph - ant, Rise for a sin - ner like me.
 Won - der - ful hope in Je - sus, Hope for a sin - ner like me.



CHORUS.



- For me..... For me..... 1. { It was for me He was cru - ci -
 2. { It was for me that He 'rose a -
 For me, for me, 3. { It was for me! Oh, the joy di -



- fied. } For me..... for me..... 1. { For me He suffered and died....
 gain. } 2. { For me, this Savior of men...
 vine. } For me, for me, 3. { For me, this Savior of mine...
 for me.



34. He's Everything to Me.

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JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am filled with high and ho - ly ad - mi - ra - tion For the Lord who
2. To a world of sin and dark-ness He de - scend - ed, Un - to me a
3. Bless - ed hope! O, joy of res - sur - rec - tion glo - ry! I shall yet my

died for me; And my song is one of end - less ex - ul - ta - tion,
Sav - ior came, He from ev - er - last - ing death my soul de - fend - ed,
Sav - ior see; While He gives me breath, to earth I'll tell the sto - ry,

CHORUS.

Sweet - er theme there could not be. } He's ev - - - 'ry-thing to
Praise His great and ho - ly name! }
For He's ev - 'ry thing to me. } ev-'ry-thing to me, He's

me;..... My sac - ri - fice was He;..... I'll
ev'rything to me, My sac - ri - fice was He, my sac - ri - fice was He.

ff
praise His name for - ev - er, For my Lord..... is ev-'ry-thing to me.
My Lord is ev - 'ry - thing to me.

35. Face to Face.

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JENNIE REE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the race is run, and the day is done, We shall gath - er in some
 2. What a song we'll sing un - to Christ our king, And its theme shall be of
 3. On the crys - tal sea, thro' e - ter - ni - ty, With the count-less millions

bright im - mor - tal place, and up on it's peace-ful shore, With the
 His re - deem - ing grace; and our ev - er - pres-ent joy Years of
 we shall sing His praise, But, the bless-ing, first of all, As be-

lov'd ones gone be-fore, We shall see Him in His beau-ty, face to face.
 time shall not destroy, We shall see Him in His beau-ty, face to face.
 fore His feet we fall, We shall see Him in His beau-ty, face to face.

CHORUS.

We shall see Him in His beau - ty, When we
 see Him in His beau-ty, we shall see Him by and by,

gath - er in that day; We shall see Him. in all His
 as we gath-er in that day; see Him in His beauty, we shall

Face to Face. Concluded.

beau - ty, When the mists have rolled a - way.....
see Him, by and by, have rolled a-way.

36. Where Shall I Be?

NATHANIEL NORTON.

C. ZOLLNER. Arr.

Largo.

Vivace.

1. Where shall I be? When the con - flict and doubt and the
2. Where shall I be? When I cross the dark val - ley my
3. Where shall I be? My Sav - ior with Thee in the

strug - gles are o'er, And the world with its pleas - ures for
Lord I shall see, His rod and his staff my
home of the blest, With no dan - ger to fear, with no

me are no more, And my soul stands a - lone on e -
com - fort shall be, Till I come to that home He has
troub - le op - pressed, In the man - sions of light, in the

Coda to last verse.

p

ter - ni - ty's shore: Where shall I be?
chos - en for me: There shall I be.
ha - ven of rest: There shall I be, Yes! there shall I be.

37. The Wondrous Cross.

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ISAAC WATTS

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross.... On which the Prince...
2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love.....

When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince

of Glo-ry died, My rich-est gain, I count but loss,
flow mingled down; Did e'er such love, and sor-row meet,

died, Glo-ry died, My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour con-tempt, on all my pride. For-bid it, Lord,
Or thorns compose, so rich a crown?

And pour contempt on all my pride. Forbid it, Lord,
Were the whole realm,

that I should boast, Save in the death

that I should boast, Save in the death,
of na-ture mine, That were a gift

of Christ my Lord; All the vain things, that charm me
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-

of Christ my Lord; All the vain things
by far too small,

The Wondrous Cross. Concluded.

most,..... I sac-ri - fice..... them to his blood. (to His blood.)
vine,..... Demands my soul,..... my life, my all. (my life, my all.)

that charm me most I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

38. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

EDWARD A. DAYMAN.

JOSEPH BARNEY. Arr.

pp *Cres.*

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep,
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad-ness, Bright-ly at last
3. Tho' we may mourn Those in life the dear-est, They shall re-turn,

Till th'e - ter - nal mor-row; Tho' dark waves roll O'er the si - lent
Dawns a day of glad-ness; Un - der thy sod, Earth, re-ceive our
Christ, when Thou ap - pear - est! Soon shall Thy voice Com-fort those now

f Rall. *pp*

riv - er, Thy faint-ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er.
treas - ure, To rest in God, Wait-ing all His pleas-ure.
weep-ing, Bid - ding re - joice, All in Je - sus sleep-ing.

39. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY.

R. S. AMBROSE.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

One sweet-ly sol-lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
solemn thought,

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I am near-er home to-day, Than I've ev-er been be-fore.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the ma-n-y man-sions be;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
crys-tal sea.

The fourth system includes dynamic markings: *Cres.* (Crescendo) and *f* (forte) above the first measure, and *Dim.* (Diminuendo) above the fifth measure. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;
the bounds of life,

The fifth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are written below the notes.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought. Concluded.

Near - er leav - ing the cross, Near - er gain - ing the crown.

The first system of the musical score is in 7/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and melodic lines.

But ly - ing dark-ly be - tween, Wind-ing a-down thro' the night,

The second system continues in 7/8 time, with a treble and bass staff.

Is the si-lent unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.

The third system includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) at the start, *Cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte) in the middle, and *ff* (fortissimo) towards the end. It features a treble and bass staff.

Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink;
when my feet,

The fourth system changes to 4/4 time. It includes a treble and bass staff.

For it may be, I am near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

The fifth system includes dynamic markings: *Rit.* (ritardando) and *p* (piano). It features a treble and bass staff.

40. How Beautiful!

T. C. O'KANE.

How beau - ti - ful up-on the moun-tains, Are the feet of him that bringeth
How beau-ti-ful, how

ti-dings, That bring-eth ti - dings, good ti-dings of good,
beautiful, How beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains, How beautiful,

How beau - ti - ful, How
How beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains, Are the feet of Him that bringeth


beautiful, Is He that bringeth good tidings of good; That publisheth sal-
ti-dings, That bringeth ti - dings, good ti-dings of good,

va-tion; that saith un - to Zi-on, thy God reign-eth, thy God reigneth.

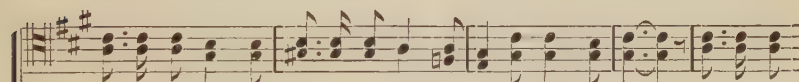
How Beautiful. Concluded.




Break forth in - to joy,..... Break forth in - to joy,....
Break forth in-to joy, Break




..... Sing.... to-geth-er, sing..... to-geth-er,
forth in - to joy.



All ye waste places, all ye waste places of Je - ru - sa - lem, All ye waste



Allegro con spirito.
plac-es, all ye waste plac-es of Je - ru - sa - lem. Hal - le - lu - jah,



Rit.
hal le lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, A - - men.

41. Rock of Ages.

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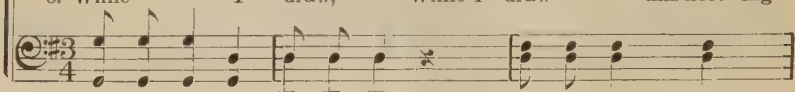
A. M. TOPLADY.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

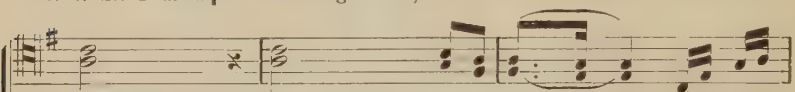
Very slowly.



1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - - ges cleft for
2. Could my tears, Could my tears for - ev - er
3. While I draw, While I draw this fleet - ing



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my tears for -
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, While I draw this



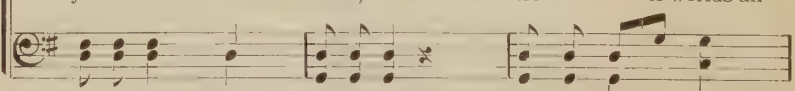
me, Let me me hide,..... Let me
flow, Could my my zeal,..... Could my
breath, When my eyes,..... When my



cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,
ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - - ter and the
zeal no lan - guor know; These for sin could not a -
eyes shall close in death; When I rise to worlds un -



Let me hide my - self in Thee.
Could my zeal no languor know.
When my eyes shall close in death.



blood, From Thy wound - - ed side which flowed, Be of
tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone, In my
known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of



Rock of Ages. Concluded.

Rall.

sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

CHORUS,

Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - - ges, cleft for
Rock of A - ges, cleft for
Rock of A - - ges,

Let me hide in Thee.

me, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide... in Thee.

cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.

42. Olive's Brow.

Rev. WM. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

- 'Tis mid-night; and on O-live's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
- 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved The Sav-ior wrestles 'lone with fears;
- 'Tis mid-night; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
- 'Tis mid-night; and from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis mid-night; in the gar-den now The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ples whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Sav-ior's woe.

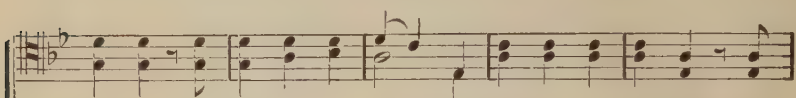
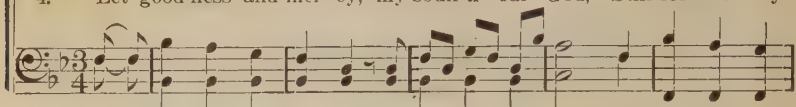
43. The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. MONTGOMERY.

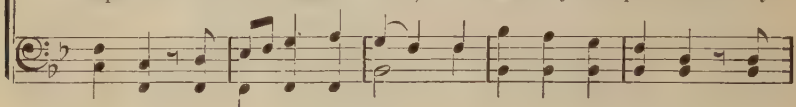
Fr. THOS. KOSCHAT.



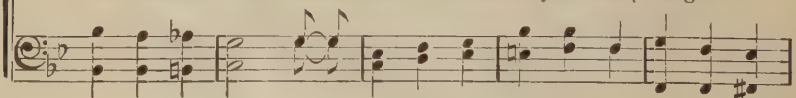
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un -
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



pastures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
measured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek - by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op -
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er
noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ - Thy kingdom of



pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, Re - deems when op - pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love; Thro' the land of their so - journ - Thy king - dom of love.

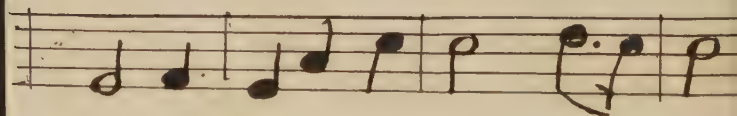




In the dark and cloud-y day when
When the se-cret idols gone tha
Thou who wast so sore-ly tried In
So it shall be good for me Much

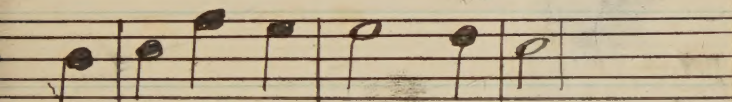
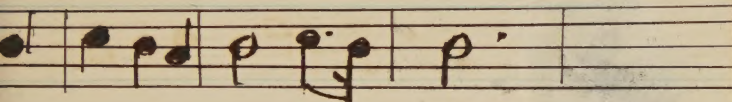


and the last hope will not stay
Des-o-late be -reft a -llone
Bid me in thy love con- fide
If thou wilt but ten-der- ly

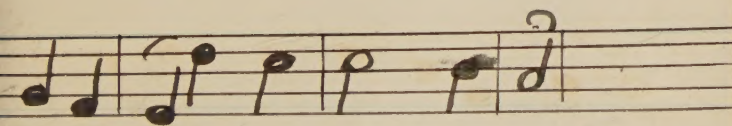


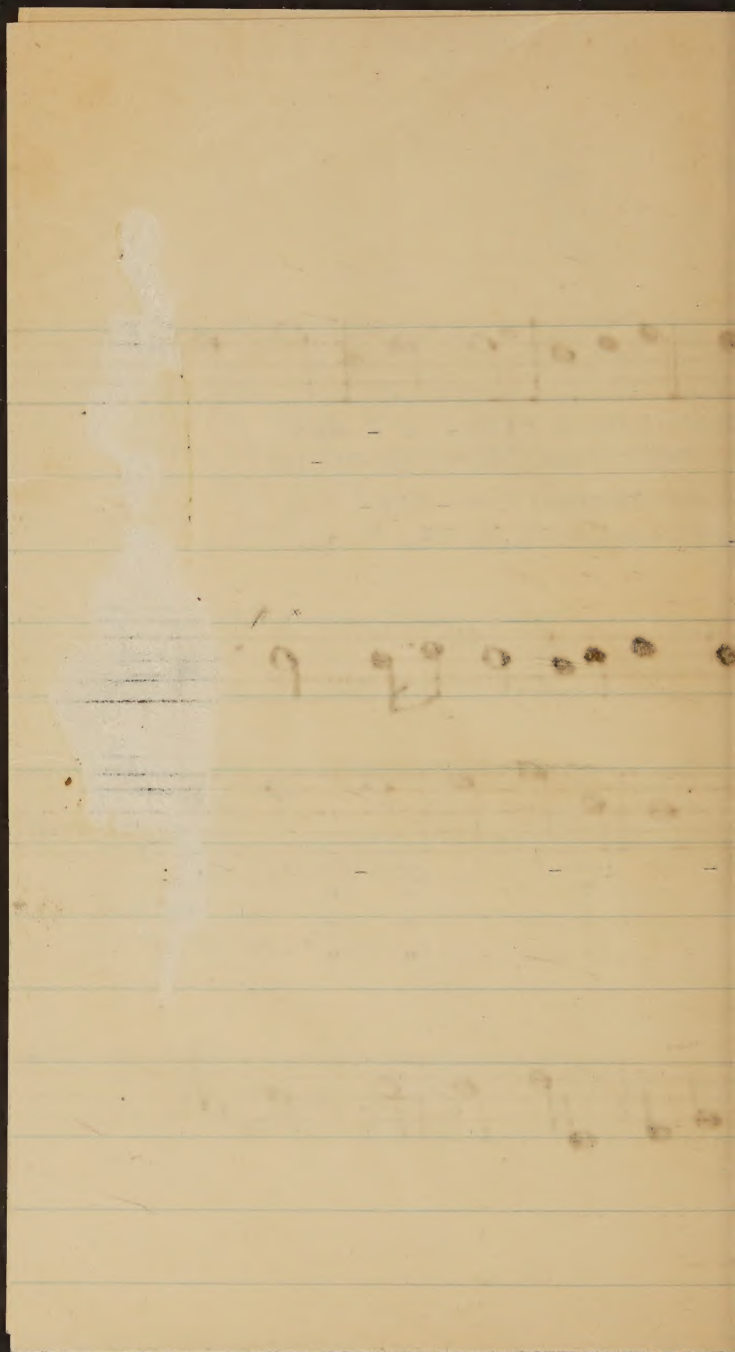


his riches flee- a - way
poor heart yearn up-on
darkness cru-cif-ied
- flicted now to be



i- or con-fort con-fort me
io " " "
" " "
" " "





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